

Week ending June 4 1955

Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL



THE NEW POIROT
THRILLER BY **AGATHA CHRISTIE**

JAPAN, CUT PRICE EMPIRE AT THE
CROSSROADS, BY FERNAND GIGON

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better drink



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vermouth

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● lemon peel makes the perfect
● aperitif before lunch or dinner.

● (In a bar ask for

● 'A Sweet Martini Vermouth')

Our own fault

TEN years after the end of the war, nearly half the children of Britain are not getting as good an education as they are entitled to.

Whose fault is this? It is the fault of the nation—of every one of us. There have been plenty of political arguments about education, but the arguments do not alter the facts.

The facts are these. The Education Ministry says that school classes should not be larger than thirty pupils in secondary schools, forty in primary schools. But forty-eight per cent of Britain's children at these schools are in classes bigger than that; many are much bigger.

IN such circumstances, the children get little individual attention, dull or slow children are neglected, and the sharp child, who does not inevitably have the best brain, gets the best chance.

Dearth of teachers is the biggest single cause of this trouble. And the reason for that shortage is not complicated.

"The supply of teachers is inadequate," says Mr. Harry Meigh, former president of the National Association of Schoolmasters, "because the pay of teachers is inadequate. Salaries and conditions are too poor to compete with other professions and occupations for recruits."



MR. HARRY MEIGH
"Teachers are worse off"

At £450 a year, the basic minimum salary of teachers is worth about as much as the prewar rate, which experts then declared grossly inadequate. The basic maximum of £725, says Mr. Meigh, makes teachers worse off than they were before the war by about £4 a week in the provinces, and £5 a week in London. Women teachers have an added grievance: their equality of pay with the men is to be reached only by easy stages during the next six years.

LAST February it was admitted that 50,000 more teachers are needed. The annual intake of 15,000 recruits would have to be doubled to overtake that shortage.

Until it is overtaken, Britain will continue to give many of its children a raw deal at school. The great public schools realize that, and have raised their fees several times since the war to pay their teachers more. For, in all schools, teachers' salaries are by far the largest part of running costs.

The sum involved is high. Taxpayers already spend £280 million a year on education, to which, as ratepayers, they must add another £153 million. But the hard fact is that, to get real value from those vast sums already being spent, it is necessary to pay more to get enough teachers to make a proper job of education. It is difficult to think of a better national investment.

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"Mummy . . .



says . . .



everything's . . .



better . . .



after a . . .



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Everyone loves—



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FREE SPEECH

British hotels need the human touch

ALTHOUGH we usually spend our summer holidays abroad, my family and I decided to stay at an English seaside hotel this year. But we got poor value for our money.

Friends I discussed this with also criticized the off-hand attitude of English hotel staffs, soggy toast at breakfast, lack of choice at dinner, and the impersonal attitude of managements.

One friend, who was locked out at 11.15 one evening, asked for the manager next morning, to complain. The receptionist said that complaints would have to be forwarded to the head office.

We all agreed that Continental hotels are better organized—perhaps because they are usually run by the owners, who give the guests personal attention. Too many of the mediocre English hotels are owned by limited companies, or run by remote control from a back office. —E. DAVIES, Bristol.

Lawless English

THE English say they are the most law-abiding nation in the world, but after a visit to your country I am not so sure.

People smoke in non-smoking compartments, use hoses to wash cars without paying extra for the water, and fetch vinegar from the shops in milk bottles, which I am told should be filled only with milk.

Nothing surprises me about the English any more. —YVONNE DUBOIS, Paris, XVIII.

Stand-in

BACK from China I cannot help contrasting the casualness of the Westerner with the careful etiquette of the Chinese, who always seeks to appear polite.

A teetotal guest at a Chinese banquet brings his personal servant along, who drinks from his master's glass whenever a "toast" is proposed. When one servant becomes intoxicated, another takes over the duty.

In this way the host is not offended by a refusal to drink. —F. W. C. T., Halifax, Yorkshire.

TV Blues

BECAUSE TV was making the family boggle-eyed, my wife and I decided to store the set until we could find a buyer. We were told we should have to renew our licence unless we dismantled the set. Why is disconnection not enough? —H. SUNDERLAND, Bacup, Lancashire.

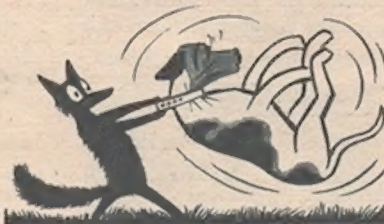
... Oblong TV sets will not fit snugly into a corner of a room, yet in most modern houses they have to go in the corner for comfortable viewing. Manufacturers should make triangular sets. The shape of the tube suggests this. —R. MATHER, Main Street, Kircubbin, County Down.

"TV sets need not be dismantled," says the Post Office, "but an owner

must undertake not to use the set without a licence." One manufacturer at least makes triangular TV sets. "But they are not very popular," says the Radio and Television Retailers' Association. "People watch TV mostly from near the fireplace, so sets are placed at odd angles, not always in corners."

Dog Collared

HOUNDS at a fox hunt, near Bath, did not wear collars. Surely this is breaking the law, or is there a



separate law for hunting? —F. HARPER, St. Catherine, Somerset.

The law that dogs must wear collars with the owner's name attached does not apply to packs of hounds or dogs used for sporting purposes. Collars could cause injury in rough country.

More Happy Taffys

TAFFY Happy Knack ("Free Speech," May 7) reminds me of a family in North Wales called "Jones Move Everything." My grandmother was called "Mrs. Morris Mother Of Sons," which puzzled me because she had nine sons and five daughters. —MRS. M. J. VAUGHAN, Wirral, Cheshire.

Metric Mapmaking

I AGREE that it is time we adopted the decimal system of calculation ("Free Speech," May 7).

In 1947, learning large-scale revision with the Ordnance Survey, I experienced the change from the chain system of linear measurement to the metric system. Everything went smoothly, and there were no teething troubles. —J. G. E. BEDFORD, London, W.12.

"The metre, which is a natural unit linked to electricity and light measurements, is used in surveying by international agreement," says the Ordnance Survey. "Troops used metric maps in the war, and it is part of our postwar policy."

Wide Choice

SHOPS in the Isle of Lewis are not the only ones to sell a wide assortment of goods ("Free Speech," May 7). In this village, near Cardiff, the grocer sells carpets, lino, coco matting, pork chops, vegetables, ice-cream and frozen fish. The greengrocer has sweets, butter, sugar, soap, rice and tinned foods. Chemists in Cardigan sell newspapers, sweets, fruit and postage stamps. All these shops are small, with two windows and one door. —MRS. M. JONES, Abertridwr, Glamorgan.

Hard Cash

IN a 12,000-mile journey I cashed sterling travellers' cheques at banks, and with street vendors, in eight countries.

At Wimbledon I tried to cash a £5 travellers' cheque at four banks, but was told that only certain branches in London could oblige.

A week later I found that a Wimbledon store was willing to exchange a cheque without question. Why the reluctance of the banks? —L. A. PERKS, Wimbledon, London.

Travellers' cheques issued by foreign

banks are usually payable at branches of a specified bank in central London only, or in named provincial towns. Banks prefer not to cash cheques payable elsewhere, because it involves needless work.

Food For Thought

TWO Scottish farmers have started a butcher's shop to sell pre-packed meat on a self-service basis, and avoid unhygienic handling.

Can it be that the days of chopping meat on the counter are on the way out? —G. WAGSTAFF, Sutton Road, Southend.

... My greengrocer has been selling Bramley apples which are brown inside, and not usable. When I complained, he said that it was due to the storage. If householders can store apples successfully, the growers can do the same. —G. V. PLUMB, London, W.14.

"Meat shops have a high standard of hygiene," says the National Federation of Meat Traders. "It is doubtful whether pre-packed meat will develop as it has in the U.S.A. Many housewives like to see their meat cut up." A fruit distributor says that April is about the latest month in which Bramleys, picked in October, can be in top condition. Commercially, apples are stored in gas chambers. In this case the storage may have been at fault.

Cover Pals

THE first pleasure I get from JOHN BULL every week is deciding who painted the cover. Usually, I guess right, but I was very surprised to find that the family watching the Cup Final (May 7) was by Nash. I

NEXT WEEK IN JOHN BULL

MARGARET RUTHERFORD



Britain's rip-roaring 'maiden aunt'

by ANTONY FERRY

felt sure that the artist was Charles Wood. —MRS. T. DANIELS, Maidstone, Kent.

The Cup Final cover was, in fact, by Charles Wood. He and Nash are great friends, and often use each other's children as models. The little girl playing with dolls in Wood's cover was Nash's daughter.

Holiday Headache

BRITISH Railways are to grant cheaper fares for mid-week holiday travel.

Last year we tried to book accommodation at numerous places, to start in mid-week, but in every case we were told that bookings were from Saturday to Saturday.

So unless you have relatives at the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

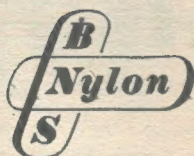
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FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

seaside, these cheap fares are useless.—MRS. S. SAUNDERS, Hitchin, Herts.

"Many people can, and do, start their holidays in mid-week without difficulty," says the British Travel and Holidays Association. "But some landlords prefer their guests from Saturday to Saturday, so that rooms are not untenanted for half a week."

Harsh Rule

WHY do the rules of soccer prevent the replacement of an injured player by a substitute?

Manchester City lost a player in the Cup Final and, most unfairly it seemed to me, were obliged to carry on with ten men.

An amendment to the rules, concerning substitutes, is overdue.—A. LAVERICK, Hetton-le-Hole, Durham.

"Without the rule there might be abuses," says the Football Association. "Substitutes are not allowed in competition games, including home internationals. They are permitted in friendly games, if the clubs agree to use them and inform the referee."

Patients Afloat

YOUR picture of Tamara Gilmore on the Volga ("Two Against The Kremlin," JOHN BULL, May 21) reminds me of the floating sanatoria, looking like old Mississippi river boats, which I saw in Russia.

These "rest homes" for Russian



River Steamer on the Volga

workers, equipped with saloons, restaurants, libraries and cinema halls, are still in use on the Volga, and they are very popular.

Russian medical men often recommend a river trip for their patients. The round trip from Gorky to Astrakhan takes fourteen days.—M. O. C., London, W.C.1.

This week's instalment of "Two Against The Kremlin" begins on page 17.

Open Mouthed

WHY do fashion models seem to have permanently open mouths? Most of their photographs give the impression that there is somebody, out of range of the camera, offering them a sweet. When I was a girl I was told that an open mouth meant a vacant mind.—MRS. M. HILL, Heswall, Wirral, Cheshire.

"Not every model is photographed with an open mouth," says John French the photographer. "But instead of the static pose of a few

years ago every good photographer tries to achieve some kind of arrested movement. Well done, an open mouth looks absolutely superb."

Tarnished Hopes

MY wife and I thought we had found an antique bargain in a street market when we bought a tiny, tarnished brooch in the shape of a Chinese lantern.

We took it home, cleaned it up and repainted the Chinese lettering in bright colours. My wife pinned the brooch to her lapel and looked at it in a mirror.

In reverse the authentic looking lettering spelled out "Happy Easter."—V. A. R., Putney.



Swelling The Ranks

WE, members of an English police force, endorse your editorial (JOHN BULL, May 7) and feel that the scheme to recruit police cadets by exempting youths from military service is repulsive.

The true reason for the shortage of policemen is the pay. It seems to us that the Home Office looks forward to conditions when the police can recruit from an abundant labour market, as in the 1930s.

We are proud of the service, and do not wish to serve alongside "army dodgers."—"FIVE POLICEMEN," Lancashire.

... Your editorial asks whether policing is as essential as food supplies. During the blitzes I saw hundreds of tearfully frightened women and children comforted and calmed by friendly "bobbies"—sometimes the only official signs of law and order in streets of chaos.

I cannot agree with your forthright criticism of the entire scheme. Apart from the medical and Civil Defence services, police training is all-important while we are faced with nuclear war.—F. WILLOUGHBY, Dewsbury, Yorkshire.

Collectomania

IN a cinema queue, the man standing next to me happened to say that he collected old tobacco pipes. I jokingly mentioned it to a man who lives in my road, and he invited me to inspect his collection of three hundred beer mats and more than a hundred varieties of beer mug. Then he introduced me to his next-door neighbour, who had 195 pullovers filling five drawers.

Is there no limit to what the human race will collect?—J. A. D., Lowestoft.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THIS WEEK'S COVER

If the police were playing the game, that "Wanted" sign would be nailed up outside a saloon with swing doors and a hitching post. Pinned neatly to a baize cloth next to details of a lost poodle, it seems far less of a challenge. Even so, Bryant's cover posse is grateful for it. There are precious few pointers to old-fashioned adventure these days; the grown-up world, in fact, is sadly short of glamour. In the old days, there were always new stories about marauding freebooters to be played out by street-corner warriors. "As it is," says Bryant, "nothing much has happened since the wild west was opened up; and that may well be significant."



JOHN BULL AGATHA CHRISTIE

Of course there's plenty of hot water — it's electric!



These kiddies can always have baths when they need them — thanks to the electric water heater. ...cheap to run, too!

The woman with an *electric* water heater in her home never has to worry about hot water — or the lack of it. She just turns the tap and there it is — instant, piping hot — for baths, the weekly shampoo, for father's morning shave.



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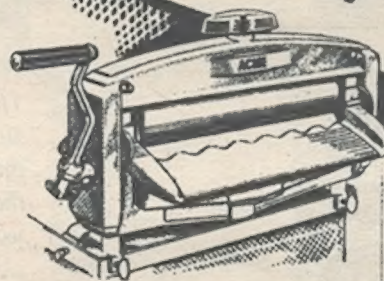
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Japan, jigsaw of East and West, dreams of a new place in the sun

CUT PRICE EMPIRE AT THE CROSSROADS

by *FERNAND GIGON*

From defeat in war, Japan draws up the balance sheet of peace. A famous French journalist finds a world of imitation, where Western ideals wrestle with the past

TOKYO IS A CAPITAL—DECAPITATED. The 1945 defeat stripped it of authority; the war blew the roof off its houses. Perhaps a hundred structures of reinforced concrete remain uninjured, braced by iron girders. Most of these structures have been occupied by the American Army's administrative services. But the Japanese are frantically running up concrete buildings, intended to defy earthquakes and H-bombs. Then there is a swarm of little square houses in wood and in cardboard, in straw and in paper, each comprising one room and a kitchenette in which a European woman could hardly turn round.

These cottages spring up anywhere, in no

sort of order; you may see them aligned along two sides of a street, thus stretching through an area sufficient to rebuild a London, Paris or Berlin. When a friend comes to fetch you in the centre of Tokyo, takes you home to dinner, then brings you back to your hotel, you will certainly have covered some twenty miles.

The distances from one section of town to another are such that the Americans have felt it necessary to carve out broad avenues indexed from A to Z. One of these avenues is named "Business." It leads right into the heart of the Ginza quarter, where there is a street named Avenue A. On the boundaries of

At Kyoto's Lotus Fountain, children cluster round a U.S. serviceman. Youth, too, is copying American ideas—by chewing gum and dancing to jazz





With its "greatest shows in Asia," the Ginza tries to copy Broadway—and boasts night clubs with French names



Once married, the Japanese woman becomes her husband's servant, with no personality. Her world is her tiny home



If a daughter shows for her. This is the

this quarter, it crosses Avenue Z. Beyond this intersection anything can happen and it starts all over again. At last, you have the impression that you have arrived somewhere.

The Ginza quarter is a digest of the world. It evokes the United States a little, with its outsize cinemas, its concrete shops where you can buy braces, an automobile, or the latest New York gadget. It is also Broadway, with "the greatest shows in Asia," where fifty girls swing their slender legs to the be-bop rhythm; with its strip-teases so daring, so shameless, that the respectable blush; with Coca-Cola flowing in all its bars; with its girls selling chewing-gum, and its bold and bewildering publicity, a neon debauch which runs through the area. A perfect composition in Technicolor.

A Hint Of Many Countries

The Ginza is a little bit of London, with its select clubs where Tokyo business men meet privately; it is a little of Paris, too, something like the Champs-Élysées and the Place Pigalle mixed. Its central avenue is bordered with young trees. They are scarcely ten years old, the age of the peace. The quarter has enough French names to christen all the night clubs of Paris. You can go to *Eve* or *Martine*, you may drink *Sous les Toits de Paris* or listen to French chansons at the *Tricolore*.

The Ginza is also somewhat Swiss, with its cabarets called *St. Moritz* or *Davos*, its shops sparkling with watches, most of them smuggled into Japan; there is lace from St. Gall, which is a passion with young Japanese women, and there are Swiss pharmaceutical products and alarm-clocks.

The Ginza has something of Germany, too, with its giant beer-halls in dark wood with heavy tables; it is the Germany of cameras, of the Contax which has to meet the competition of a perfect Japanese imitation, the Nikkon 1.8, Germany with its Rolleiflex, with its optical instruments beaten hollow by those of specialists in Tokyo. All these articles are copied, down to the ten-thousandth of an inch.

The Ginza has a little of Venice, too, though with less splendour. On a map of Tokyo you

will see that the lines of the Sumida watercourse and two or three of its affluents cut off the quarter. It is surrounded by stagnant black water, with wooden houses overhanging it like balconies and dominating a world of mosquitoes and filth. And, finally, the Ginza is a little like Istanbul, with a palatial Turkish bath.

But the Ginza is, above all, a digest of Japan, its heart, its mart, its dream, its core.

It would take ten years to visit every one of its bars or restaurants, if you went to a new place every night; you would have to live to the age of Methuselah to know every one of its women, each painted like precious porcelain, in kimono or in one of Mitsukoshi's sweaters.

The Show-Boat, which is a dance-hall at a dollar a drink, assails the chastity of husbands with a battalion of 365 charmers in clinging gowns whose English is halting and whose virtue is small. In the afternoon, they sweep out the establishment; in the evening, they make it bright with their business smiles.

Rice Wine Makes Life Rosy

But in the Ginza, if the streets are warm, passions, it seems, run somewhat cold. To shake a Japanese out of his reserve, he must be got to drink a certain number of bowls of warm saké—rice wine. When he has drunk half a dozen, he begins to see that life has a rosy tint and that the houses are a bit askew. The mists of alcohol rise to his head. He melts in beatitude.

When the offices close in the afternoon, from five o'clock on, all Tokyo rushes to the Ginza. Apart from the avenues thronged with cars, the lanes criss-cross in a close network between tiny houses. Two persons are enough to block the footpath. Restaurants follow each other without system.

You go to the wrong address—it doesn't matter. In any case, you find yourself in a restaurant. When five or six customers have taken their seats, the place is full. Behind the wooden counter, young women smile, shake a flask of saké and set two chopsticks before the customer, some tiny bowls, a cup and a warm serviette.

It is now sushi time. Sushi are raw fish, cut

up fine or diced, and placed on a hot rice patty. As for the moon-fish, they are roasted on embers. The entrails are ripped out with chopsticks, used as a poker, and then you start on the head. The waitress smiles at your smile of satisfaction. She glances at the saké or simply at a bottle of beer. It is a courtesy to ask her to drink from your glass. When she has taken a sip, she wipes the glass before giving it back to you. Never before.

Weekly Ration Of Dreams

And so, in the 3,500 restaurants, bars and "nomiyas" of the Ginza quarter, at the same hour, the same motions are repeated by tens of thousands of clerks and officials. They come here to draw their weekly ration of dreams before they go off to their tiny homes, an hour's train journey away, to rejoin their obedient and submissive wives. There they will stretch themselves out on a rice-straw mat, with their brood about them.

The Ginza is for them the pleasant warmth of community. The home is the austere greeting of a wife without imagination. In a word, duty. They sell everything in the Ginza, pearls from Mikimoto and geishas, sukiyaki (a Japanese dish) and pleasure; shows, neon and noise. In little bars, Japanese girls wait for customers—who are, as everywhere, men only. They make life vivid. They start up the conversation, and if they like you in the least, they take your hands in their tiny fingers and then, for you alone, their marvellous eyes gleam with the brilliance of platonic love.

These demi-geishas, who do not know how to sing or dance, go back to the suburbs about eleven in the evening. They come downtown to laugh and to trifle, to be seen, perhaps to be admired. They are slaves of a smile and the relaxation of potential warriors.

In smart restaurants the customers, squatting with their shoes off, are grouped in threes and fours round low tables. If it is a good place, and the raw fish does not lie too heavily on their stomachs, they send for geishas. These girls kneel down and bow before you, touching the mats with their foreheads. Several times they



some talent, a mother will dream of a geisha's life supreme honour—and means escape from inferiority

repeat their obeisance—which is a sort of gymnastic feat, so tightly do their kimonos bind them in prisons of shimmering silk. In shrill voices they sing songs which are several centuries old and accompany themselves on the triangular sameisen: they seem as remote from reality as the moustached Buddha of Kamakura.

The geishas of today have a trade union. They know the modern world in two aspects only: the union rates and the wrist-watch which acts as their meter. Apart from this, they go about still in high closed rickshaws, wear a monumental black chignon on their heads and choose their sweethearts from among the enormous sumo-fighters (wrestlers).

Japan is, above all, the country where the art of giving has become a virtue. If you spend a week in a hotel, the day you leave, the chambermaid and the proprietress will give you a little present with the bill: an embroidered handkerchief, a lithograph with stylized mountains, artificial flowers or simply a photograph of the Imperial Palace.

Smiling Gift In The Street

In the street, women make you a gift of a smile, and you never know whether there is a secret invitation behind it or whether it merely shows that they admire you. Rigged out in their kimonos of gaudy hue and choice material, they take possession of the pavements, principally by the noise they make. Their getas (wooden shoes) hammer on the cement and they are not outdone by the noise of the sausage-man who plays the bagpipes, and the constable who announces his presence by striking together two sticks of hard wood. His noise is that of both policeman and fireman.

The mind of every inhabitant is obsessed with the fear of fire, and each street is witness to it. Posters show a thousand and one ways of fighting fire; for the flames, if once they took hold in some corner, would roar merrily through all the wooden town. Firemen's drills, furious sirens, startle each quarter of the town in turn.

In Japan, a man is a king. But he has no queen. Woman, in his eyes, seems a mere object. For him, she has no personality. He



A geisha must be pretty and intelligent. Her job is to charm and entertain. But teenagers are throwing aside the old order: life for them is chewing gum, be-bop and American clothes

divides the feminine world into two categories: flower-woman and woman-of-all-work. With the first sort he laughs, amuses himself and does not mind drinking a glass too many. He marries the second and has children by her.

Between these two categories of Japanese women, there was, before the war, an unbridged gulf. Today, the need of a monthly wage fades the flowers and raises up the work-woman. The flower of flowers in Japan is the geisha. She occupies a classless social position, where descendants of the Imperial Family and the daughters of pearl-fishers may meet.

To be a flower, a girl must be pretty and intelligent. She must take complicated courses of study and for years absorb traditions. The geisha learns to read and write in special schools. From the age of ten onwards she has been reminded that she is in this world to charm and to console the warrior.

Tea Is A Strict Ceremonial

She is, in part, the hetaira of ancient Greece whom Socrates loved to visit, but she is also the most accomplished society hostess in the world. By rote she learns the art of reciting the virtues of tea. She knows its legends. She can transform the verses she recites into realities. The ceremony which surrounds the simple offering of a cup of tea to a stranger is subject to laws as strict as those of the penal code. A fixed smile lights up her doll's face. You are reminded of a piece of old Dresden china, richly coloured.

If she has unusual gifts, a girl becomes great as a geisha; and yet she is little more than a

conjurer's dummy. Certain houses in Tokyo enjoy a world-wide reputation due to the charm of their geishas, their hospitality and their smile.

One of these houses is at a premium because its star is a princess of Imperial rank. People come from many parts of the country to see her, to admire her beauty and her shrewd wit. In order to spend an hour with her, a man must have influence and must await his turn—which may be a wait of a year at least. After a visit of this sort, a foreigner feels that he has plunged into medieval times, and is back in the days of the love-tourneys with bards and troubadours.

If the geisha perpetuates tradition, the rest of Japanese womanhood is emerging little by little from bondage because daily necessity, the high cost of rice and the lack of housing obliges a woman to work.

Poor unenlightened woman, she is limited by her rôles of worker and mother. In the silk-weaving factories and in those in which canned goods are prepared, the Japanese woman forms the greater part of the labour-power. By definition, she is worse paid than a man. No work discourages her. The dirtiest work is reserved for her in steel mills and in chemical factories. She roots up grass in the alleys in parks and works as a road-mender. Outside stations, you find her as shoe-black, newspaper vendor and, occasionally, beggar. Here her humility reaches its ultimate. Her shame crushes her with such force that she does not even dare to raise her eyes to the passer-by.

Meanwhile, youth in skirts, in the towns, wants

Continued on page 41

The thief had confessed, but Poirot was not happy. Behind all this petty crime, something sinister was taking place . . .

Hickory Dickory Dock

by AGATHA CHRISTIE

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

IT WAS UNBELIEVABLE: Miss Lemon had made three mistakes in one letter! Obviously, something was worrying her: Hercule Poirot listened sympathetically as his secretary unburdened her mind. For him, it was the beginning of another case. . . .

Miss Lemon's sister, Mrs. Hubbard, was the matron of a students' hostel in Hickory Road. Recently, an outbreak of small thefts had caused her a lot of worry—worry that she had passed on to Miss Lemon. Poirot could understand Mrs. Hubbard's reluctance to go to the police. He agreed to look into the affair.

The list of stolen items fascinated him. Mostly they were the sort of small luxuries that might tempt a girl—but what girl would steal a stethoscope, boracic powder, or electric light bulbs? And why take a rucksack and a silk scarf, then cut them to pieces?

He arranged to visit the hostel, which was owned by Mrs. Nicoletis, ostensibly to talk on criminology. . . .

Poirot dined with the students before his talk. From his dinner-companion, Celia Austin, he learned most of their names. Celia, he guessed from her manner, was in love with an earnest young man named Colin McNabb.

The lecture, delivered with considerable extravagance of phrase and gesture, went over well, but the students could hardly have escaped the impression that he was something of a mountebank. It was as Poirot intended; and when McNabb challenged him to state the real purpose of his visit, he did not deny his interest in the thefts.

At once he was besieged with questions, and the room fell silent at his reply. Coming from Poirot, the advice was remarkable. "Mrs. Hubbard—or Mrs. Nicoletis, rather—should call in the police *at once*," he told them. "No time should be lost."

PART TWO

A Scrap Of Paper

THERE was no doubt that Poirot's statement was unexpected. It caused not a ripple of protest or comment, but a sudden and uncomfortable silence. Under cover of that momentary paralysis, Poirot was taken by Mrs. Hubbard up to her sitting-room, with only a quick, polite, "Good night to you all," to herald his departure.

Mrs. Hubbard switched on the light, closed the door, and begged M. Poirot to take the armchair by the fireplace. Her nice, good-humoured face was puckered with doubt and

anxiety. She offered her guest a cigarette, but Poirot refused politely, explaining that he preferred his own.

Then, as she sat down opposite him, she said, after a momentary hesitation: "I dare say you're right. Perhaps we *should* get the police in on this—especially after this malicious ink business. But I rather wish you hadn't said so right out like that."

"Ah," said Poirot, as he lit one of his tiny cigarettes and watched the smoke ascend. "You think I should have dissembled?"

"Well, I suppose it's nice to be fair and above board about things, but it seems to me it might have been better to keep quiet and just ask an officer to come round and then explain things privately to him. What I mean is, whoever's been doing these stupid things—well, that person's warned now."

"Perhaps, yes."

"I should say quite certainly," said Mrs. Hubbard. "Even if it's one of the servants or a student who wasn't here this evening, the word will get around. It always does."

"So true. It always does."

"And there's Mrs. Nicoletis, too. I really don't know what attitude she'll take up."

"It will be interesting to find out."

"Naturally we can't call in the police unless she agrees. . . . Oh, who's that now?"

There had been a sharp, authoritative tap on the door. It was repeated and, almost before Mrs. Hubbard had called an irritable "Come in," the door opened and Colin McNabb, his pipe clenched firmly between his teeth and a scowl on his face, entered the room.

Removing the pipe, and closing the door behind him, he said: "You'll excuse me, but I was anxious to have a word with M. Poirot."

"With me?" Poirot turned his head in innocent surprise.

"Ay, with you," Colin spoke grimly. He drew up a chair and sat squarely on it, facing Hercule Poirot. "You've given us an amusing talk tonight," he said. "And I'll not deny that you're a man who's had a varied and lengthy experience. But if you'll excuse me for saying so, your methods and your ideas are both equally antiquated."

"Really, Colin!" said Mrs. Hubbard, colouring. "You're extremely rude."

"I'm not meaning to give offence, but I've got to make things clear. Crime and punishment, M. Poirot—that's as far as your horizon stretches."

"They seem to me a natural sequence," said Poirot.

"Yes, but you take the narrow view of the



The door opened. "Ah," Miss Celia Austin,"

law—and, what's more, of the law at its most old-fashioned. Nowadays, even the law has to keep itself cognizant of the most up-to-date theories of what *causes* crime. It is the causes that are important, M. Poirot."

POIROT calmly nodded. "But there," he said, "to speak in your new-fashioned phrase, I could not agree with you more!" He waited for Colin to go on.

"Then you've got to consider the cause of what has been happening in this house. You've got to find out *why* these things have been done."

"But I am still agreeing with you—yes, that is most important."

"Because there always is a reason—maybe, to the person concerned, a very good reason."

At this point, Mrs. Hubbard, unable to contain herself, interjected sharply: "Rubbish."

"That's where you're wrong," said Colin, turning slightly towards her. "You've got to



said Poirot, nodding his head. The girl stopped and looked at Colin with agonized eyes. She said breathlessly, "I didn't know you were here"

take into account the psychological background."

He returned his gaze to Poirot. "I'm interested in these subjects. I am at present taking a post-graduate course in psychiatry and psychology. We come across the most involved and astounding cases, and what I'm pointing out to you, M. Poirot, is that you've got to have an understanding of the root of the trouble if you're ever to effect a cure of the young delinquent. These ideas were not known or thought of in your day and I've no doubt you find them hard to accept—"

Hercule Poirot interrupted him. "My ideas are doubtless old-fashioned, but I am perfectly prepared to listen to you, Mr. McNabb," he said meekly.

Colin looked agreeably surprised. "That's very fairly said, M. Poirot. Now I'll try to make this matter clear to you, using very simple terms. For convenience's sake, I'll start with the pair of shoes you brought with you tonight

and returned to Sally Finch. If you remember, *one* shoe was stolen. Only one."

"I remember being struck by the fact," said Poirot.

Colin McNabb leaned forward, his dour but handsome features lit up by eagerness. "Ah, but you didn't see the *significance* of it. It's one of the prettiest and most satisfying examples anyone could wish to come across. We have here a Cinderella complex. You are, maybe, acquainted with the Cinderella fairy story."

"*Mais oui.*"

COLIN spoke firmly. "Cinderella, the unpaid drudge, sits by the fire. Her sisters, dressed in their finery, go to the prince's ball. A fairy godmother sends Cinderella, too, to that ball. At the stroke of midnight, her finery turns back to rags and she escapes hurriedly, leaving behind *one slipper*. So here we have a mind that compares itself to Cinderella—unconsciously, of course. Here we have frustration, envy, the

sense of inferiority. The girl steals a slipper. Why?"

"A girl?"

"But naturally, a girl. That," said Colin reprovingly, "should be clear to the meanest intelligence."

"Really, Colin!" said Mrs. Hubbard, with disapproval.

"Pray continue," said Poirot, courteously.

"Probably she herself does not know why she does it, but the *inner* wish is clear. She wants to be the princess, to be identified by the prince and claimed by him. Another significant fact—the slipper is stolen from an attractive girl who is going to a ball."

Colin's pipe had gone out. He waved it now with mounting enthusiasm. "And now we'll take a few of the other happenings. A magpie-acquiring of pretty things, all associated with attractive femininity. A powder compact, lipstick, ear-rings, a bracelet, a ring—there is a two-fold significance here. The girl wants to

be noticed. She wants, even, to be punished, as is frequently the case with very young juvenile delinquents. These things are none of them what you would call ordinary criminal thefts. It is not the value of these things that is wanted. In just such a way do well-to-do women go into department stores and steal things they could perfectly well afford to pay for."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Hubbard belligerently. "Some people are just plain dishonest, that's all there is to it."

"Yet a diamond ring of some value was among the things stolen," said Poirot, ignoring Mrs. Hubbard's interpolation.

"That was returned."

"And surely, Mr. McNabb, you would not say that a stethoscope is a feminine pretty-pretty."

"That had a deeper significance. Women who feel they are deficient in feminine attraction can find sublimation in the pursuit of a career."

"And the cookery book?"

"A symbol of home life, husband and family."

"And boracic powder?"

COLIN replied irritably: "But my dear M. Poirot, nobody would steal boracic powder! Why on earth should they want to do that?"

"That is what I have asked myself. I must admit, Mr. McNabb, that you seem to have an answer for everything. Explain to me, then, the significance of the disappearance of an old pair of flannel trousers—your flannel trousers, I understand."

For the first time, Colin appeared ill at ease. He blushed and cleared his throat. "I could explain that, but it would be somewhat involved, and perhaps—well, embarrassing."

"Ah, you spare my blushes."

Suddenly Poirot leaned forward and tapped

the young man on the knee. "And the ink that is spilled over another student's papers, the silk scarf that is cut and slashed. Do these things cause you no disquietude?"

The complacency and superiority of Colin's manner underwent a sudden and not unlikeable change. "They do," he said. "Believe me, they do. It's serious. She ought to have treatment—at once. But *medical* treatment, that's the point. It's not a case for the police. The poor little devil doesn't even know what it's all about. She's all tied up in knots. If I—"

Poirot interrupted him. "You know, then, who she is?"

"Well, I have a very strong suspicion."

Poirot murmured, with the air of one who is recapitulating: "A girl who is not outstandingly successful with the other sex. A shy girl. An affectionate girl. A girl whose brain is inclined to be slow in its reactions. A girl who feels frustrated and lonely. A girl—"

There was a tap on the door. Poirot broke off. "Come in," said Mrs. Hubbard.

The door opened and Celia Austin came in.

"Ah," said Poirot, nodding his head. "Exactly. Miss Celia Austin."

Celia looked at Colin with agonized eyes. "I didn't know you were here," she said breathlessly. "I came. . . . I came. . . ." She took a deep breath and rushed to Mrs. Hubbard. "Please, please don't send for the police. It's me. I've been taking those things. I don't know why. I can't imagine. I didn't want to. It just—it just came over me." She whirled round on Colin. "So now you know what I'm like . . . and I suppose you'll never speak to me again. I know I'm awful—"

"Och, not a bit of it!" said Colin. His rich voice was warm and friendly. "You're just a bit mixed up, that's all. It's just a kind of illness you've had. If you'll trust me, Celia, I'll soon be able to put you right."

"Oh, Colin—really?" Celia looked at him

with unconcealed adoration. "I've been so dreadfully worried."

He took her hand in a slightly avuncular manner. "Well, there's no need to worry any more." Rising to his feet he drew Celia's hand through his arm and looked sternly at Mrs. Hubbard. "I hope now," he said, "that there'll be no more foolish talk of calling in the police. Nothing's been stolen of any real worth, and what has been taken, Celia will return."

"I can't return the bracelet and the powder compact," said Celia anxiously. "I pushed them down a gutter. But I'll buy new ones."

"And the stethoscope?" said Poirot. "Where did you put that?"

SHE flushed. "I never took any stethoscope. What should I want with a silly old stethoscope?" Her flush deepened. "And it wasn't me who spilled ink all over Elizabeth's papers. I'd never do a thing like that."

"Yet you cut and slashed Miss Hobhouse's scarf, mademoiselle."

Celia looked uncomfortable. She said rather uncertainly: "That was different. I mean—Valerie didn't mind."

"And the rucksack?"

"Oh, I didn't cut that up. That was just temper."

Poirot took out the list he had copied from Mrs. Hubbard's little book. "Tell me," he said, "and this time it must be the truth. Which are you or are you not responsible for of these happenings?"

Celia glanced down the list and her answer came at once. "I don't know anything about the rucksack, or the electric light bulbs, or boracic, or bath salts, and the ring was just a mistake. When I realized it was valuable I returned it."

"I see."

"Because really I didn't mean to be dishonest. It was only—"

"Only what?"

A faintly wary look came into Celia's eyes. "I don't know—really I don't. I'm all mixed up."

Colin cut in in a peremptory manner: "I'll be thankful if you'll not catechize her. I can promise you that there will be no recurrence of this business. From now on I'll definitely make myself responsible for her."

"Oh, Colin, you are good to me."

"I'd like you to tell me a great deal about yourself, Celia. Your early home life, for instance. Did your father and mother get on well together?"

"Oh, no, it was awful at home—"

"Precisely. And—"

Mrs. Hubbard interrupted. She spoke with the voice of authority. "That will do now, both of you. I'm glad, Celia, that you've come and owned up. You've caused a great deal of worry and anxiety though, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself. But I'll say this. I accept your word that you didn't spill ink deliberately on Elizabeth's notes. Now take yourselves off, you and Colin. I've had enough of you both for this evening."

As the door closed behind them, Mrs. Hubbard drew a deep breath. "Well," she said. "What do you think of that?"

There was a twinkle in Hercule Poirot's eye. He said: "I think that we have assisted at a love scene, modern style."

Mrs. Hubbard made an ejaculation of disapproval.

"*Autres temps, autres mœurs*," murmured Poirot. "In my young day the young men lent the girls books on theosophy or discussed Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird*. All was sentiment and high ideals. Nowadays it is the maladjusted

Mrs. Nicoletis was like an angry tiger. "What is this?" she demanded. "You send for the police? Who do you think you are?"





"I'm sure that by tomorrow everything will be cleared up," said Celia earnestly. "I really mean it." One or two people looked at her curiously

lives and the complexes which bring a boy and girl together."

"All such nonsense," said Mrs. Hubbard.

Poirot dissented. "No, it is not all nonsense. The underlying principles are sound enough. But when one is an earnest young researcher like Colin, one sees nothing but complexes and the victim's unhappy home life."

"Celia's father died when she was four years old," said Mrs. Hubbard. "And she's had a very agreeable childhood with a nice but stupid mother."

"Ah, but she is wise enough not to say so to the young McNabb! She will say what he wants to hear. She is very much in love."

"Do you believe all this nonsense, M. Poirot?"

"I do not believe that Celia had a Cinderella complex or that she stole things without knowing what she was doing. I think she took the risk of stealing unimportant trifles with the object of attracting the attention of the earnest Colin McNabb, in which object she has been successful. Had she remained a pretty, shy, ordinary girl he might never have looked at her."

"I shouldn't have thought she had the brains to think it up," said Mrs. Hubbard.

Poirot did not reply. He frowned.

"So the whole thing's been a mare's nest!" Mrs. Hubbard went on. "I really do apologize

for taking up your time over such a trivial business, M. Poirot. Anyway, all's well that ends well."

"No, no," Poirot shook his head. "I do not think we are at the end yet. We have cleared out of the way something rather trivial that was at the front of the picture. But there are things still that are not explained. I have the impression that we have here something serious—really serious."

Mrs. Hubbard's face clouded over again. "Oh, M. Poirot, do you really think so?"

"It is my impression. . . . I wonder, madame, if I could speak to Miss Patricia Lane? I would like to examine the ring that was stolen."

"Why, of course, M. Poirot. I'll go down and send her up to you."

Patricia Lane came in shortly afterwards with an inquiring look on her face.

"I am so sorry to disturb you, Miss Lane," Poirot said.

"Oh, that's all right. I wasn't busy. Mrs. Hubbard said you wanted to see my ring." She slipped it off her finger and held it out to him. "It's quite a large diamond really, but, of course, it's an old-fashioned setting. It was my mother's engagement ring."

Poirot, who was examining the ring, nodded his head. "She is alive still, your mother?"

"No. Both my parents are dead."

"That is sad."

"Yes. They were both very nice people but

somehow I was never quite so close to them as I ought to have been," she said. "One regrets that afterwards. My mother wanted a frivolous, pretty daughter, the kind of daughter who is fond of clothes and social things. She was very disappointed when I took up archaeology."

"You have always been of a serious turn of mind?"

"I think so, really. One feels life is so short one ought really to be doing something worth while."

Poirot looked at her thoughtfully. Patricia Lane was, he guessed, in her early thirties. Apart from a smear of lipstick, carelessly applied, she wore no make-up. Her mouse-coloured hair was combed back from her face and arranged without any attempt at artifice. Her quite pleasant blue eyes looked at you seriously through glasses.

No allure, *bon Dieu*, said Poirot to himself with feeling. And her clothes! What is it these young people say? Dragged through a hedge backwards? *Ma foi*, that expresses it exactly!

Patricia was saying: "I'm really very shocked about what happened to Bess—to Miss Johnston. Using that green ink seems to me to be a deliberate attempt to make it look as though it was Nigel's doing. But I do assure

Continued on page 28

A breakfast-food "out-of-this-world" for QUICK energy*

Don't let breakfast-time be gloomy,
Don't let breakfast-time be sad;
The Sugar Frosted Fairies tell you
Every breakfast should be glad.

Pour some flakes of Sugar Frosted
Straight onto your breakfast plate;
Add some milk, and there you have it—
Fastest breakfast-food to date . . .

. . . Lightning energy it gives you,
So your temper's gay and sweet,
When the Sugar Frosted Fairies
Help you to a breakfast treat.



* WHY KELLOGG'S SUGAR-FROSTED FLAKES GIVE US LIGHTNING ENERGY

Energy comes from carbohydrates, which our bodies break down, first into "double sugars" (like the lumps we put in tea) and then into "single sugars" (like pure glucose, or "blood sugar") which our bodies can store for instant release into the bloodstream. Kellogg's Sugar Frosted Flakes give such lightning energy because they are carbohydrates in a very easily digestible form, with quickly converted "double sugar" toasted into them. The combination is converted into available blood-sugar, for energy, very, very quickly indeed.

FROM OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD — Kellogg's new Sugar Frosted Flakes with milk or cream. Delicious heart-of-the-corn flakes, sparkled and spangled with sugar for a can't-be-resisted flavour and for fast breakfast-time energy.



Kellogg's SUGAR FROSTED FLAKES

Flowers, champagne - and we are free to go

This was the moment Tamara and I had waited for. Our children were safe, the tension was over. When I heard the news, I had to kiss someone—and the ambassador's wife was nearest

ONE OF THE NICEST things about living in the Soviet Union was knowing my Russian relatives. As an American journalist out there, I had married Tamara, my Russian wife, several years before. My mother-in-law was a pretty young woman with near-olive skin and dark, luminous eyes and auburn hair without a streak of grey. She was a delightful person. Tamara's young brother, Vovo, at school and headed for the university, was an enthusiastic football player who, like boys all over the world in the air age, wanted nothing so much as a career in the air force.

Zina, the elder sister, was a hard-working university graduate, as blonde as Tamara is dark, pretty with broad, Slav features, and serious where Tamara is gay.

So it was with a sickness of heart that I heard Tamara announce one evening that she had just come from her mother's home and that the news was bad. "The police have forbidden them to enter our home again. They told them that this is a 'dangerous house.'"

"You mean you can never see your family again?"

"No. It's not that bad. You won't be able to see them again, though." She explained that the secret police had told her mother that it would be incorrect for them ever to visit our flat again, but that Tamara could continue to come to see them.

Husband Had Disappeared

Five months after we received that shock, Tamara's sister got married. I had never met her husband—a young man in the Soviet navy who had come out of the second World War with four wound stripes and a decoration for bravery. I determined that I would never meet him, no matter how much I wanted to, for it could only mean trouble for him.

Zina and Alexei had been married only a few months when we received the appalling news that he had disappeared.

"As far as I can tell," Tamara explained, "he has been stationed somewhere near Archangel. He came to Moscow on a short visit with his admiral. He spent the weekend with Zina and then set off for his base again."

And that was the last Zina had seen of Alexei. He never wrote to her. He did not telephone her. His family, which was a large one, tried to find him. One brother even journeyed to the naval base and made inquiries. They were



Eddy with Tamara, Vicki (in front) and Susanna at Stockholm airport. Flying over Russia, he kept his fingers crossed: "We weren't out yet"

answered with an ominous sign—the crossing of two fingers of one hand over two fingers of the other hand.

"Arrested?" I asked. "For what?"

"Nothing," said Tamara.

I was perfectly convinced that this young man had been hauled in by the secret police because he had married a Russian girl who had a sister who was married to me, an American correspondent. "Ah," some eagle-eyed idiot in the secret police must have said, "here is a plot. The navy man gives military secrets to the American."

And I had never set eyes on him in my life.

"This has gone on a long, long time in Russia," said Tamara. "Before the Communists, the Tsars did it. Before the Tsars, the people from the East were always taking our men and women and children away."

"I feel awful about this. It's all because of me."

Tamara put her hand over mine. "You have nothing to do with it. You are not the slightest bit guilty."

"Tomka, if your marriage to me is causing all this trouble, then it's going to cause more trouble. Perhaps it would be best if I went away."

She gave me a fierce look. "Don't you ever say that again. That's just what they want you to do."

Months later, Zina found that her husband

had been sentenced to serve a long term in the dreaded Karaganda copper mines of Kazakhstan. The charge? Nobody ever bothered to tell the family about that and, of course, there was no public trial.

To make matters worse, Zina began losing one job after another, every time for the same reason—her foreign relative. She had a secretary's position in the department that looks after the nation's fruit—hardly a job with deep secrets. But when they discovered that her sister was married to an American, out she went.

When a Soviet employee applies for a job, he or she must fill in a biography, answering more than a hundred questions, all personal.

One of those questions is: "Have you any foreign relatives?"

When Zina wrote down that she had a sister who was married to an American correspondent, that upset the samovar. At last, she got a job in the Moscow Gas Company's city administration and someone seems to have had sanity enough to realize that this corporation possesses few, if any, secrets that a young woman secretary might pass on to an American whom she never saw.

Zina's steady employment was about the only piece of good news, though, for it was at this time that our friend, George F. Kennan, the American ambassador, was banned from Russia. On a trip to the West, the envoy's plane put down on a West Berlin airport and he was met

by a large number of German correspondents. Asked about the life of an American in Moscow during the Hate America campaign, George replied that it was much like an American's life when interned under the Nazis.

George, of course, had been interned by the Germans for many months, and he spoke with authority.

That did it. He was not allowed back into the U.S.S.R. They ruled him *persona non grata*, and his wife, whom he left in Moscow, packed for him, said farewell, and that was that.

Dangerous Drinking Bouts

A diplomat's lot in Moscow is not a completely happy one. It is fraught with dangers of the social kind, and I suppose that is why so many governments list Moscow as a hardship post. One of the toughest problems is drinking. I mean the toasting bouts with the boys from the Kremlin. I saw this for myself at a party given by the Red Army.

The Kremlin leaders migrated to a back room where a long table had been set up, laden with food and drink. Into this room they escorted the American ambassador and sat him down between the bottles and the mighty. I brushed past a secret policeman—they were everywhere that night—and entered the room.

"Tovarichi," said Molotov, rising from his seat, "I ask you to drink the health of the people of the United States."

There might have been a Hate America campaign going on outside, but there was no evidence of it this evening amid the lavish Russian hospitality.

The Minister for Foreign Affairs turned to the American ambassador and clicked glasses with him. The man from the States sipped at the pungent liquid in his full glass.

"Oh, no," said Molotov, "you must drink bottoms up. You do not drink the toast in sincerity unless you do." All this was through an interpreter.

What was the American to do but drink bottoms up? The Foreign Minister had proposed a toast to his countrymen. The least that the envoy could do was to drink the toast in sincerity. I shook my head as I watched, for I knew what was going to happen.

Molotov sat down and stared at his guest. The interpreter said something to the ambassador, who was still gasping from what I'm sure was his first glass of vodka swallowed in one gulp. Bravely, he got to his feet. "Gentlemen, I propose a toast to the Soviet Union, ally of the United States during the last war."

Again he tried to sip. "No, no," interrupted Molotov, "you must drink to the bottom. You surely mean the toast seriously?"

Tricked The Ambassador

I could bear to watch no longer. When I returned, several more toasts had been consumed—always bottoms up. The Politburo table was very gay. The American ambassador was still playing the game.

"I propose a toast to the President of the United States," said Kaganovich, Russia's heavy industry chief, getting to his feet and walking over to the diplomat. The poor ambassador rose once more and knocked back the vodka, straight to the bottom.

While Kaganovich was finishing his glass with the American, none of the rest of the Kremlin crowd did so. The ambassador didn't notice this. That, of course, was the trick, and it's a famous one. The ambassador was drinking about six glasses of vodka to every one of the Politburo's.

I sighted a First Secretary from the Embassy. "You had better get the ambassador to start putting soda instead of vodka in his glass."

The secretary studied his chief: "I'm afraid it's too late."

I left the room again and wandered round

The adventures of three girls who fought an icy wilderness

BORN ON SNOWSHOES

by EVELYN BERGLUND SHORE



Evelyn Berglund Shore

MY muscles tightened stiff as wire, and the dogs' hackles rose. We poured petrol on a stick for a torch, then I cocked my rifle. Elsie pushed open the cabin door. In the torchlight I saw the bunk bed facing me. In it sat a grizzly bear . . .

EVELYN BERGLUND SHORE shot that bear with the Krag rifle she had been given for her twelfth birthday. For she and her two sisters spent their girlhood as trappers, fighting the Alaskan wilderness for a living.

Each girl had her own dog team; each was a crack shot. They never flinched when the moose charged, never cried from the fatigue of working a two hundred mile trap line.

In summer they piled their boats with stores and battled up the Salmon River to get ready for the winter's work ahead. They felled trees, shot moose for meat and built toboggans. In bitter cold they set their traps.

At night their log cabin home was cosy. While the wolves howled outside, the girls sang the songs their mother taught them, romped with their tame red fox and listened to the battery radio that brought them the world outside the Arctic Circle.

In spring they made the long trip to the log cabin town of Fort Yukon to meet their boy friends and trade their furs.

Born On Snowshoes describes their extraordinary adventures in Alaska's frozen wasteland. It begins . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK



One of Moscow's beauty parlours. Gilmore says that Soviet scent is awful—and expensive—but a permanent wave costs a girl only £1



Russian women at a fashion show. When Gilmore bought Tamara a pair of flat-heeled shoes, she thought that they were for "some footballist"

with Tamara, greeting and talking to numerous Russians.

At one o'clock in the morning I returned to the Politburo's room. The American ambassador was still upright, but wilting. He must have consumed at least fifteen or twenty straight glasses of vodka. At 2 a.m. three of us tucked him into his automobile, wrapped a bear rug round him and sent someone along to escort him home. He had done well.

When Tamara and I were married, our very first invitation as Mr. and Mrs. Gilmore was to a formal dinner at the flat of a Swedish friend.

"What shall I wear?" she asked. "I've never been to a party as Mrs. Gilmore before."

"Just the same as before," I told her, "but look more serious."

She put on one of the dresses that I had bought for her in America and she looked beautiful. I have always thought that Tamara wears any dress exceedingly well.

Russian women like to wear evening dresses, but some of them, particularly the wives of military men, don't know much about that mysterious subject, the flimsy frock that is worn after dark.

When the war had just ended, hundreds of military husbands were returning to Moscow from Germany, where they had liberated a startling number of consumer goods.

Three generals and one full colonel brought back armloads of nightgowns and turned them over to their wives. These good ladies thought

that they were evening frocks. How were they to know the difference? Before the war they had been down on the old collective farm.

The Russians who told me this story—and they swore it was true—said the wives of the three generals and the full colonel appeared at a huge Moscow function one evening all decked out in their nightgowns. Never in their lives had they ever achieved such a social success.

Although Russian women are great ones for dressing-up, there is an almost Puritan streak in most of them. You never see a plunging neckline—although these women will happily go swimming from a public beach in the nude.

Lipstick Is Poor Quality

There are hundreds of manicure shops and hair-dressing salons in Moscow; their prices are not high—a permanent wave costs a Russian girl the equivalent of £1. Rouge, lipstick and face powder are sold all over the place, but the quality is very inferior. Soviet scent is awful—and expensive.

The wives of the Russian leaders keep out of the public eye. In private they are much like other Soviet women, except that they have magnificent houses, lots of servants and a very high standard of living.

Tamara knew Svetlana Stalin, the dictator's only daughter. She found her a very pleasant, modest young woman who, despite her position, hadn't the faintest idea of how to dress. She would show up in public wearing a beautiful fur

cape—and long woollen socks pulled up over her silk stockings.

Russian women's ideas about clothes are curious to a Westerner. I once brought two pairs of shoes back from Persia as a present for Tamara. Her brown eyes brightened as I unwrapped them, the best that Tehran had to offer; with none to be had in Moscow at the time, they were something special.

She was delighted with the blue suede pair with very high heels, but showed no enthusiasm for the others—a flat-heeled sports model.

"What's the matter with these?" I asked.

"Oh," she said brightly, "I am very pleased and I thank you very much, but they are not for me."

I asked her whom she thought I had bought them for, if not for her.

"For some footballist," she said. Since that day, I have never bought her another pair of flat-heeled shoes.

The Russians weren't the only people in Moscow who gave good parties. The members of the foreign diplomatic corps and we correspondents used to give a few ourselves. One night a group of us staged a costume ball at the stately concrete *datcha* of the American ambassador, about eighteen miles north-east of Moscow. This party lasted until eight o'clock the following morning, and we looked a strange sight, coming home in broad daylight, dressed as Russian boyars of several centuries before. Tamara was

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The girl who flew again

by EMRYS BRYSON

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

Nothing would happen this time, she said. And even Parrish began to forget his fear. . . . Then he saw terror in her eyes

ELLIOT PARRISH, star comedian, the effervescent little man with the rubbery face, tufted hair and button nose, smiled about him vaguely, out of habit, and felt sick with fear. It was always like this after a few minutes in the air. When the plane took off, you felt it was going to be all right this time. You looked at the other passengers, all so sane, matter-of-fact and ordinary, and told yourself this was just a routine, everyday experience like using the telephone or crossing a road. Only safer than crossing a road—much safer.

But it never worked. Again, as always, he had a sudden swift longing for the old days, before he had shot up to stardom, days when he had been content to work the music halls of the provinces. But the snowball of fame swelled rapidly. There had been that radio show, a surprise reception, a television date, another good reception and he had come into the limelight. The £10-a-week comic had become a man everybody knew.

They liked his homely humour, his button of a nose. He was "cuddlesome," they said, and clamoured for more. The clamour had carried him round the world. An Australian tour, weeks in Canada and America, army camps, rushed trips home for special appearances, premières. And all the hours and hours of flying. . . .

This trip looked like being the worst. The Windstream had been in service three months, the envy of the world's airlines, three years ahead in jet design. On this, his first flight in her, he reminded himself again and again that she was the best there was, as solid as a rock eight miles up. Again and again he told himself.

He stared disbelievingly out of his window at the hills of cloud. He would be well over the sea by now. The clouds were woolly and inviting, treacherously inviting, for through them the sea lay ready to gulp the aircraft in like a gnat if she should fail.

A light touch on his shoulder made him twitch. The stewardess was holding out something for him. "Coffee, sir?"

"Huh?"

"I said, would you like coffee, Mr. Parrish?"

He motioned her away, swallowing, and his eyes went back to the clouds. From where he sat he could see the jet engines. He had to force himself to realize that they really were engines, that they were really working, that they were the things keeping the plane up and moving. He could detect no activity in them, no exhaust, no shudder, no comforting disc of a propeller. They were just holes. If you were outside, he told himself, you would hear a whistle, a deafening whistle. You'd know they were working, all right. But here, in this pressurized cabin, carpeted like a drawing-room, it was silent, and the engines were simply holes. Suppose they did stop. Would the pilot know? How could he tell anyway? There'd be nothing to show.

He breathed harder, smoothing down the tuft

at the back of his head, repeating over and over: "It's all right. Only like stage fright. Only like glorified stage fright."

But stage fright always went as soon as you were on the stage. This went on and on. Always fright. The same on every plane journey. When his agent handed him his reservation ticket, drove him to the airport and left him in the dispersal lounge, he felt it strike him, and it never left him until he set foot on the curiously springy concrete at his destination and made for his hotel, drained and weak with the tension of the flight. But bad as an ordinary plane was, it was better than this awful, silent rush. "Stand a threepenny bit on its edge," was the boast of the airline about the Windstream. A woman opposite had done this and was watching it with pleasure.

Hypnotically, Parrish felt in his pocket, groped for a twelve-sided coin and balanced it on edge on the little table folded down in front of him. It remained absolutely, uncannily motionless. It was like knowing that the ground had been chipped away round your house and watching the ornaments and pictures steadily in place before the whole house dropped.

CLUNK!

Parrish caught his breath and stared down at the fallen coin, then wildly at the holes in the wings. Why had the threepenny bit fallen? He stood up as sharply as the reclining seat would allow, waiting for the other passengers to react.

"Something wrong, sir?"

That damned stewardess was at his side again, smiling her stupid smile, pretending not to know the state he was in. But she knew, all right. She had the superior way of looking at you that people had who were well out of it.

"The threepenny bit," he found himself stammering. "It fell—it fell over. . . ."

"Perhaps you caught it with your sleeve," she said brightly.

He took hold of her arm. "Tell me," he said, trying to keep his voice level. "What if anything happened to this?"

"But nothing will happen, sir."

"But suppose, just suppose," he insisted. "Say something did go wrong. Could we get out? Would we all have parachutes?"

SHE was still smiling at him. Obviously she thought he was being funny—Elliot Parrish coming out with one of his side-splitting jokes. Blast the girl, couldn't she answer?

She lowered her voice and spoke out of the side of her mouth. "Between ourselves, sir, we are under orders to jump out first and let the passengers walk home. . . ."

He slumped back into his seat, his face automatically creasing into a grin, and hated her as she picked her way down the cabin. She would go into the crew-room and tell them the gag she had cracked with Elliot Parrish and how he thought it good, and they would guffaw and tell her she should be on the radio: and then at the airport she would retail the gag to everybody

else. . . . That's if they ever got to an airport.

But the girl was on her way back, humming softly to herself as she collected the empty coffee cups on a big tray. Parrish recognized the tune. He'd sung it enough times—the song which was his signature on the air, the song of the little man with the pathetic rubbery face drawing consolation from his philosophy:

The sack of life brings fortune, all along the way—

Every Eve her Adam, every dog his day.

But plenty in Time's little bag can make us very blue,

So never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you. . . .

That was how he finished his act, with an earnest look on his homely face, followed by another chorus on the harmonica that was now one of his most famous props, finishing with arms spread wide, full of hope. . . .

As the stewardess passed his seat, Parrish made conversation. Anything was better than just sitting here getting worked up. "You like that tune?"

The girl rested the tray on one hip. Without that fatuous smile, her face was quite attractive under the neat uniform cap. Parrish wondered if she was going to try to follow up with another "joke." But she answered solemnly.

"It's been a great help to me, sir."

"Help? My little song?"

"It's a catchy thing."

"I know, but what—?"

The girl gathered the tray in both hands again, seemed reluctant to talk. The comedian asked seriously, "How do you mean, it's been a help?"

"Well," she said awkwardly. "I don't know . . . it's just that I've been in hospital lately, feeling very sorry for myself and everything. They kept playing that on a gramophone over the hospital earphones."

"And?"

She shrugged. "You might say it gave me faith in myself, a kind of feeling that everything wasn't as bad as it seemed. I'm inclined to worry before I've got need to. And when I heard you singing that tune on the record it gave me something to cling to, if you see what I mean."

Parrish saw. His recording had sold well. With his harmonica as the solo instrument, "Never Trouble Trouble" had been immensely popular. In his jacket pocket he fingered the very harmonica. His publicity people insisted on his always carrying it—as statesmen carried umbrellas or cigars.

"What brought you in hospital, anyway?"

"I was in the Cairo crash," the girl said.

Parrish stared at her. He remembered the Cairo crash of more than six months ago, when an airliner broke up and killed all its passengers and crew except one, the stewardess—this stewardess. He recalled the newspaper stories

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"Is something wrong with the plane?" he asked. The girl had stopped crying. "It's nothing," she said, but her mouth trembled



Cecil Ford makes the world fit to film

by DAVID MILLWOOD

For screen realism, he may fly canoe experts from the Congo, or spend £100 a day on meat for seagulls



WHEN he was making a film outside Dublin, the director, Frank Launder, suddenly found that he needed a hundred film extras by 8 o'clock the following morning. He turned to his assistant, Cecil Ford, and told him to get them.

Ford went to a Dublin police station and talked the officer in charge into promising him the loan of a batch of prisoners. The only condition was that he should take an equal number of policemen. But even with prisoners, policemen and about fifty other people he had mustered, Ford was still short of twenty men.

"We'll go round and see Pat," said the police officer.

Pat turned out to be a well-known criminal and leader of a gang of toughs. In a large black police car, Cecil Ford, Pat the gangster, and the police officer toured the streets of Dublin. As they found each member of the gang, Pat issued his instructions: "College Street police station, eight o'clock tomorrow morning."

"Every one of the gang turned up on time," says Ford. "We bundled the lot, criminals, policemen and all, into a fleet of coaches and rushed them out to where we were filming."

Tames Temperamental Stars

Such unorthodox methods have brought Ford work, first as assistant director and later as production manager, with such notable film-makers as John Huston, Sir Laurence Olivier, John Ford (not a relative), the Boulting Brothers and Sir Carol Reed. He has a quick brain, energy and enthusiasm, and a natural charm that has tamed all kinds of actors, from temperamental stars objecting to the accommodation he has arranged for them in luxury hotels to African tribesmen he has lured from the bush to be film extras.

Once, when Stewart Granger walked on to a film set in an expensive new pair of hand-made shoes that squeaked loudly enough to be heard on the soundtrack, Ford asked him to walk up and down in a trough of water until the squeak was lost. Granger is not renowned for amiability.

"The idea did not appeal to him," Ford says, "but he did it."

But for Ford's tact, the film *Odd Man Out* might never have been made in Belfast. Carol Reed sent him to put the film company's request for facilities before a meeting of the city council. As a southern Irishman trying to persuade a group of Ulstermen to help in making a film featuring the I.R.A., Ford did not go to the meeting with high hopes. But, after an hour's negotiation, he walked out with a promise of full co-operation.

Had Street Lighting Boosted

Later on, when Reed decided to use ordinary street lighting for certain shots in Dublin, the cameramen pointed out that the street lights were far too dim. "Don't worry," said Ford. He called on the city engineer, and a few hours later told the cameramen: "He's going to boost the current specially for you tonight."

When asking people for help, Ford believes in telling them the worst that may happen. One woman, whose house and garden he wanted to take over for a day's filming, was thrilled with the idea. "Bring your photographer along next week and I'll give him a cup of tea," she said enthusiastically.

Ford explained that it would not be one man but about two dozen; that they wanted to come at dawn next morning; that their trucks would churn up her lawn and ruin her flower-beds; that men and women would be running over her house all day and probably turning it

Ford (in duffel coat) watches the whaler *Pequod* arrive at Youghal for scenes in *Moby Dick*. The film involved almost everyone living in the port



At their Amersham home, Ford and his wife play with their three children. He took half a day off to marry, then went back to work



Ford talks to Gregory Peck on location. Once he told Stewart Granger to walk in a trough of water until his hand-made shoes stopped squeaking

upside down; and that he doubted if she realized what she was letting herself in for.

"It made no difference," Ford says. "She still agreed."

Occasionally, neither Ford's charm nor the appeal of film-making has any effect. To make sure that there would be no interruptions during the shooting of a road scene at Caterham, Ford got the police to divert traffic. Just as the director was about to call "action," a man stepped out of his front door, walked down the garden path and leaned over the fence, his face turned towards the camera. Tactfully, Ford explained the importance of an empty street and asked him if he would mind going indoors. The man refused.

"There was nothing that I or the director or the police could do about it. We had to pack up all our equipment, including fifteen-foot-high camera rostrums, and move down the road."

A short, sandy-haired Dubliner of forty-three who studied for six years to be a doctor, Cecil Ford gave up medicine in 1938, after bringing twenty-four babies into the world.

His first film job was on location a few miles from his home in Dublin. For a funeral sequence, he scoured the city for a hearse and twenty horse-drawn cabs, and agreed with the twenty cab drivers to hire them at £3 a day. They were to leave Dublin that night, and go to a remote, empty house fifteen miles away near Bray in the Wicklow Hills. He told them to stay the night there and be ready for filming next day when the unit arrived.

At 3 a.m., Ford woke with a premonition of disaster. Racing out to Bray in his car through a rainstorm, he found the carriages lined up outside the gates of the house, and twenty wet, hungry and irate cab drivers arguing with the caretaker, an irascible man who disliked films, and had not been told to expect them. It took all Ford's persuasiveness to get the cab drivers into the house and the horses into the stables. He then drove home to snatch two hours' sleep before joining the unit at 8 a.m. the same day.

John Ford, the American director, asked him to help make *Mogambo*, starring Clark Gable, Ava Gardner and Grace Kelly, which was shot mainly in East Africa, at a cost to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer of £10,000 for every day on location. The unit established a camp at Port Kagera, about six hundred miles from Nairobi, built an airstrip and flew in everything they

wanted, including washing machines, refrigerators, champagne, caviare and a special shower-bath for Ava Gardner. But when it came to shooting the first scenes, an important prop—a coloured parasol which Ava Gardner was to carry for most of the film—could not be found. It had been left behind in Hollywood.

Ford sped to the nearest village, sixty miles away, in a safari truck. He explained the problem to the district officer, who called the Indian merchants from their shops and asked them to make an identical parasol. Four hours later, Ford was on his way back to camp with the parasol beside him.

An important part of his job on this picture was to find African extras, and he arranged to fly in a team of expert canoeists from the Belgian Congo, after he had satisfied the authorities that there would be no danger of their coming into contact with Mau Mau. When the plane arrived, however, it contained only three men—each one a chief. They had come to discuss terms and to consult the spirits to see if they were in favour of the venture. Satisfied on both counts, they flew back to the Congo to fetch their canoeists.

Director Wanted To Go Home

Ford, who now earns £50 a week plus expenses, is used to working for film companies that throw their money around.

With a week's filming still to do on *Mogambo*, director John Ford announced that he was tired of Africa. "Let's fly home," he said. They did, the next day. The rest of the picture was filmed in the studio.

But *Mogambo* was a minor operation compared to the job Ford tackled as production manager for *Moby Dick*, the film of Herman Melville's classic story of a sea captain's feud with a gigantic whale. It began for him in January, 1954, and ended last April. The film, which cost four million dollars to make, is due to be shown in Britain in the autumn. John Huston, who produced and directed it, chose Youghal, a sleepy Irish coastal town in County Cork, as one of four locations. The others were Madeira, Fishguard in Pembrokeshire, and Las Palmas in the Canary Islands.

In the Canaries, Ford paid out almost twice his own weekly salary every day for meat to lure the seagulls after a dummy whale. "The gulls soon became choosy," he says. "We

had to get them the very best meat or they wouldn't co-operate."

When the director, stars and technicians arrived in Youghal (pronounced "yawl"), they found that Ford was in command of the town.

His arrangements for transporting, feeding, accommodating and entertaining the unit of 120 people involved practically all the local inhabitants. Visitors poured in. Journalists from half a dozen countries arrived in chartered planes. A local confectioner made a small fortune by selling "Moby Dick Rock." A butcher closed his shop and opened a "Moby Dick Bar." All the pubs were allowed to stay open from 7 a.m. to midnight during filming, and priests granted the local inhabitants a special dispensation to work on Sundays.

Cocktails Bring Co-operation

Ford's method of smoothing the way for the film makers always begins, as it did at Youghal, with visits to "all the local people who matter." He then throws a cocktail party. "It may cost a few hundred pounds, but for the co-operation that it brings us later it's worth it."

Before filming began in a small German town some years ago, he arranged for the fire brigade to turn out at a few hours' notice; the weather forecast was sunshine, and the director needed rain-washed streets. When the time came, Ford drove round in a jeep, picking up firemen.

One man in uniform, who protested at being bundled into the back of the jeep, kept the others in fits of laughter. Ford, who doesn't speak German, understood the joke when he arrived back on the set. "I had mistaken the man's uniform. He was a postman. I signed him on as an extra."

Away from Britain for most of the year, Ford, who lives at Amersham, Buckinghamshire, within reach of the film studios at Elstree and Pinewood, sees little home life. He is still waiting for a chance to take his wife on their honeymoon—after nine years. He met her shortly before starting work on *Hamlet*, took half a day off to get married, then returned to the film set. He has spent the last three Christmases abroad on location.

Visitors who called on his family last year asked his daughter, Michelle, then two years old, where her daddy was. Michelle pointed to the telephone. "That's where my daddy lives," she said.

THE END

Mario and the Foreign Ministers

by *JOHN APPLEBY*

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

So this was their new frontier! Well, he couldn't accept it. He had to cross the border to go to bed

THE WORKMEN HAD BEEN sinking concrete posts all day and tightening the wire strands until they twanged. Mario Smunto had long ago lost interest in them. What took all his attention was the band of yellow paint which ran up one side of his low farmhouse, across the roof and down the other wall.

Despairingly he turned to Cintura, the elegant young captain in charge. "Again, please," he begged. "Why?"

Cintura said with exasperation: "I tell you once more. It is the frontier."

The farmer ran a hand through his thick white hair. "The frontier is two kilometres away," he protested. "This is Italy."

Cintura unfolded the crackling map and hung it over the wire fence. "Like a lecturer in front of a backward class he demonstrated. "The *new* frontier runs in a straight line from here to here. As you observe, your farm lies in its path. So the fencing comes to the side of your house and continues on the farther side. Obviously we cannot push it through the house itself. Hence the yellow line."

Mario was old and clearly stupid, even for a peasant. He asked: "Then do I still live in Italy?"

Cintura eyed the building thoughtfully. "Your bedroom is this side, to the west. And most of



your land. So when you sleep or milk your cows you are in Italy. But when you eat in your kitchen, or tend your back garden, you are in Yugoslavia."

Behind his confusion, Mario was becoming angry and it made him bold. "Who is responsible for this nonsense?"

"That is no way to speak. Men wiser than you are—generals, politicians, civil servants—all agree that this is the best frontier to ensure peace between the two countries."

"But if I tell them what they have done. . . ."

The captain shrugged. "The time is past. The Commission has considered all cases of hardship, without," he added, sweating a little, "somehow considering yours. If you like to argue with the Foreign Ministers of four great Powers, that is your affair. I don't advise it."

"Where can I appeal?"

"There is an office in Trieste." The captain brushed away the detaining hand. "It will do you no good."

Over supper, Mario said obstinately: "We are Italians. They can't change us."

His wife, Tona, pulled her black shawl tighter round her head. "Many Italians live in Yugoslavia now," she said sadly. "And we have Slovenes in Italy. The powerful ones say their rights will be protected."

"And we? What are we?" said Mario. "I

will show you." He stood up, gaunt in the lamplight. "At this table we are the subjects of Tito. But see—a miracle." He stumped through the open door into the bedroom. "Behold, I am an Italian again. And you, my wife, are still in another country."

"It is the law, Mario."

He pulled on his cap with a savage jerk. "I shall see what they think about it in the village."

The village, to his surprise, thought about it flippantly. His life-long friends, living safe inside the border, slapped his back and pressed drinks upon him. Where was his passport, they wanted to know. Must he obtain a visa before sitting down to dinner? And did his cows, which remained Christian Democrats, consent to eat the turnips from his vegetable patch, which were undoubtedly Communist?

Mario accepted the drinks, but found it harder to swallow the jokes. Presently, goaded beyond all patience, he thumped the table.

"Somewhere in the world," he scowled, "there is sanity. I shall find it. I am going to Trieste."

By noon the next day the scowl had disappeared, and with it most of his resolution. He had wandered from one office to another for an hour before finding the bureau which could deal with his business, and he had sat for a

further hour in a bare waiting-room. There was the blank, impersonal smell of authority about the place and he did not like it.

At last a soldier held open the door of the inner room. Cap in hand, Mario found himself before a large desk. Colonel Pianta continued to frown over the paper he was reading.

At length he looked up. "Sit down," he barked. "Your name?"

"Mario Smunto." He perched on the edge of a hard chair. "It is about my farm, Colonel, and the frontier." The snapping eyes and bristling moustache across the desk made him twist his hands. "I am certain there is a mistake, and they tell me you can put it right."

STUMBLING over the words, he explained. When it was over, he said timidly: "In the village they find it funny, and in a way I see that it is. Just the same—"

He shrank back as Colonel Pianta blasted him. "It is not a mistake and it is not funny. Italy, Yugoslavia, Britain and America have agreed on this border. We in Italy lose a little territory here, but we gain elsewhere. It has taken nine years; and now you, a man with six hectares of land and three cows, are going to change it all."

"But my house, Colonel. Where is it?"

"The line of demarcation is clear. You will respect it." He stood up. "That is all."

The old man went out quietly. But somewhere deep inside him a small flame of resolve flickered. All his life he had respected authority without understanding it. Now, for the first time, he saw that authority could be wrong; and if it was wrong, then it could be circumvented. Somehow.

By evening the joke had lost none of its freshness. Rather, it grew and elaborated. What an opportunity, the villagers told each other—loudly, so that Mario, brooding alone over his wine, could hear. Had he set up yet as a smuggler? Think of it: no wire fences to negotiate—simply march in at one door and out of the other. Presto!

Mario gazed at his glass. "It is an idea," he said slowly. "In Yugoslavia they prize glassware and jewellery from Venice. And in Italy there are people who like to drink *slivovitz*. I've never understood all this fuss over duty and Customs."

Esca, the village policeman, laughed. "Because of money, my simple friend. A government lives by money—by collecting what it can and spending as little as possible. If it spends too much—*poof!*"

Mario said slowly: "I was joking, of course. Just the same. . . ." His voice trailed off dreamily. A plan was forming. It would take time and a great deal of patience and it might not succeed at all. But it seemed to Mario that the time and patience and stubbornness of an old peasant farmer might yet achieve something astonishing. Such as the defeat of four Foreign Ministers.

For the next three days Tona looked after the farm, as she did when Mario was sick. But this time he was not sick. He was seen coming and going at odd hours, sometimes to the end of his back garden, sometimes through the village. When a friend spoke to him, he came out of a reverie and muttered something about business.

The policeman Esca pulled his moustache, recalling that for thirty years Mario Smunto had engaged in no business except the care and sale of his stock. After a great deal of thought he telephoned Captain Cintura. The captain

Continued on page 35



The frontier line ran through Mario's table. And the opposing Customs men dare not cross it. Grumbling, they sat down, each in his own country



Steering inside a track marker, Ferriday avoids a wrecked vehicle. Stock cars are stripped of unnecessary fittings and have heavy, sprung bumpers

Vic Ferriday skids into thrills

by KEITH ELLIS

He aims to win without trouble, but all's fair in stock car racing—and the crowd likes a good crash

UNDER THE HARRINGAY floodlights, sixteen garishly-painted stock cars roared and rumbled into the warming-up lap. On the outside of the front row, Vic Ferriday, one of Britain's leading stock car drivers, was working out exactly what he should do when they crossed the starting-line.

He was completely boxed in by four cars—two behind and two on his inside—driven by men who were determined to put an end to his recent run of successes. If he darted ahead, the two inside cars would move out and squeeze him on to the safety fence at the first bend. If he lagged, one of the cars behind would charge his tail and send him spinning out of control on to the infield.

They turned into the last straight and Ferriday

could see the starter ahead. As the three leading cars breasted the starting-line, the green flag signalled a fair start. Ferriday accelerated for the turn, swinging out to take it wide. The two inside cars moved out, dangerously narrowing the gap between them and the fence.

Ferriday raced towards the gap and squeezed through. Hugging the outside, he accelerated round the rest of the bend, his tail brushing against the fence. When he came into the straight, he had a twenty-yard lead and went on to win the heat.

Skill, nerve and an eye for tactics have made Ferriday one of the most feared and respected drivers on British stock car racing tracks. In

one race, he drew the inside place on the third row. The six cars in front of him raced for the first bend. One was too slow, and Ferriday hit its inside rear wheel with his front bumper, accelerating at the moment of impact. The car spun round. Half-way down the straight, he was suddenly aware of a strange silence behind him.

"I looked back," he says. "All the other nine cars had piled up on the one I had knocked out."

At thirty-five, Ferriday is tall and slim, with a long, bony face, deep-set eyes and greying hair. Unlike most of his colleagues, he hopes to make stock car driving his career. With his brother Don, who acts as his fitter, he runs a small garage in Bayswater, London. In the winter, they undertake repairs. In the racing season, which lasts from April to October, they concentrate exclusively on preparing their two cars for an average of three meetings a week at tracks at West Ham, Haringay, Manchester, Neath, Oxford, Plymouth, Southampton and many other towns.

Ferriday does not regard stock car racing as unduly dangerous. He recalls an occasion when a car which had been pushed on to the grass re-started and cut across just in front of him as he was going into a bend.

"He should have waited for me to pass," he says. "I couldn't miss him. He spun sideways and turned over four times." Stealing glances as he continued the race, Ferriday saw the car disintegrate—first a door fell off, then the bonnet, then a wing. "I thought: what have I done to the driver? But at the end of the race, he climbed out of the car, shaken but unhurt."

Last season, the first in Great Britain, there were few accidents on stock car tracks. The only death occurred when a car crashed through the safety fence and killed an eleven-year-old

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

boy, who was standing in the pits. He was watching his father, a driver in the same race. The car injured five other people.

In spite of innumerable crashes, side-swipes, spins and turn-overs, the worst injuries that drivers collect are mainly broken arms, legs, ribs and noses—though a driver died after a crash at a track near Coventry last month. The luckiest was a northcountryman. A piece of steel tubing came loose in the back of his car, shot forward like a spear and went clean through his crash helmet, grazing his skull.

Ferriday believes that there are comparatively few injuries because of the safety precautions laid down by the track authorities. Stock cars are stripped of all glass and unnecessary fittings and have their bodies strengthened with steel tubing. Heavy sprung bumpers protect the front and rear. The driver wears a crash helmet and sits in a bucket seat welded to the chassis. A lap-strap prevents him from being tossed about inside the car when it turns a somersault. The doors are welded or strapped shut and he climbs in through a window.

In the United States, drivers have sometimes been burned to death when they have been trapped unconscious inside burning cars. One of the few times an English car has caught fire, the driver kept on for two laps without realizing it. A following car then bumped him on to the infield. Suddenly seeing his plight, he dived head first out of a window and struck his head against a post. In spite of a regulation crash helmet, he was unconscious for ten minutes.

Cars Bore Down On Crash

Ferriday considers that his most terrifying experience was the occasion when he crashed into the back of a car which had stalled. Locked together, the two cars slewed across the track so that Ferriday's was facing the oncoming cars.

"Groups of three and four seemed to be bearing right down on me. I decided to bail out. But for five laps I didn't get the chance and had to sit there. Finally, I made it. There was no real danger, but I could have been badly jolted."

Unlike Ferriday, who aims to win with the minimum of trouble, some drivers believe they owe it to the paying public to have at least a few crashes. Last year, Ferriday had a winning run, taking first place in both heat and final at Harringay on the Friday night, second place in his heat and first in the final at Hanley on the Saturday night, and first place in heat and final at Southampton on Tuesday night.

In five days, his prize money totalled £209. But because he had been involved in very few smashes, some drivers said that he was not playing the game.

Ferriday decided to teach them a lesson. "The next time I drove at Southampton," he says, "I knocked out eight cars. And even then I won second place in my heat and second place in the final. Afterwards, I went back to my normal technique."

Drivers Could Have Helped

Although drivers are good friends, they are intense rivals on the track. Just before a final which carried an increased prize of £100, Ferriday's engine stalled. "They delayed the start," he says, "and a breakdown truck towed me round the track to see if my engine would pick up. It didn't, and I had to scratch. Later, I found that a battery lead was shorting. The other drivers had seen the sparks but they hadn't told me. I could easily have repaired the damage with a bit of rubber."

Although Ferriday has no objections to such keenness, he strongly resents the sabotage that has occasionally been done to cars between races. One driver, who had been placed in his heat, found two tyres let down and his battery missing when he returned to the pits to collect his car for the final. Another had his sump drained and half the nuts removed from one of

his front wheels. "My car is never left unguarded for a moment," says Ferriday.

Like most racing drivers, he believes that at least half his success is due to thorough preparation before the race. "When I take my car on to the track, I know that mechanically it is as sound as it is in our power to make it." He calculates that, on average, he has only two full nights sleep a week. On three nights he gets to bed only at three or four in the morning, and he works straight through the other two nights.

"Our worst nightmare is getting from meeting to meeting—like the time we raced at Plymouth on Thursday night and Newcastle upon Tyne on Saturday night." He left London at 5 a.m. on Thursday, set off from Plymouth at midnight, and arrived back in London at 7 p.m. on Friday. After a few hours sleep, he was on the road again at 2 a.m. and arrived in Newcastle upon Tyne at 7.45 p.m.—three-quarters of an hour before his race.

Fitted Engine To Trolley

All his life, Ferriday has wanted to be a racing motorist. When he was thirteen, he and his two brothers bought a 500-c.c. engine, fitted it to a wooden trolley, and—with one of them keeping a watch for policemen—sped along the streets of Wellington, Shropshire. Just before the war, he went to London and took a job as a tyre-fitter.

"I wanted to be a racing motorist, but I found you needed money. I hadn't any."

It was after war service as a fitter in the Guards' Armoured Division that he and his brother Don opened their garage. One day last year, they found that a man who bought a drop-head coupé from them wanted it for stock car racing. After further inquiries, Vic Ferriday saw that this was his chance to realize his ambition. For £20, he bought a 1932 Ford V8 coupé ("the short wheel-base makes cornering easier"), and worked on it day and night for a week. Although cars rarely exceed 60 m.p.h. on British tracks, Ferriday's highly-tuned coupé is capable of 95 m.p.h. on the straight.

Stock car racing was introduced from America by an ex-boxer, ex-acrobat, ex-speedway promoter named John Pugh. Helped by a flood of extravagant publicity, a score of tracks last year packed in an estimated quarter of a million spectators a week. One track official says: "The crowd likes a good crash but it doesn't like to see drivers killed or injured. In stock car racing, they get the crash without the blood."

Amateurs Out For Thrills

Most of the four hundred-odd drivers are amateurs, out for thrills and the starting-money of £10. They include orthodox racing drivers, an all-in wrestler, an Oxford undergraduate, a boxer and the owner of a flying club. Most of the professionals and semi-professionals are garage owners who have the equipment to undertake elaborate repairs. There are several women.

Ferriday lives in a Clapham maisonette with his wife and three children. Besides being insured by the promoter, he pays an additional premium of 10s. per meeting for a life cover of £500. Excluding expenses, his gross earnings for last season—to be shared with his brother—were £900. His brother sometimes drives the second car.

"My hope is to make a reasonable living out of stock car racing," Ferriday says, "and to spend my life doing what I like doing—second only to big-time racing. If I got a big-time offer, I should take it."

His first race was at New Cross, London. "I had been up working all the previous night," he recalls, "and had never even driven the car." He had the middle place in the front row. As the race was about to start, he asked the driver on the inside: "What's it like?" The man said: "Follow me." Ferriday did so. They came in first and second with a half lap lead on the next car.

THE END



Ferriday points out damage to his car to his brother Don, who is his mechanic, and Julie Herriot, who also competes in stock car races



Carrying the chequered flag, Ferriday makes the winner's lap of honour. Once he had a run of victories and collected £209 in five days



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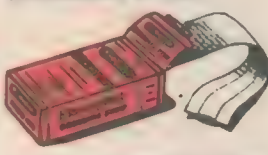
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Continued from page 15

you, M. Poirot, Nigel would never do a thing like that."

"Ah." Poirot looked at her with more interest. She had become flushed and quite eager.

"Nigel's not easy to understand," she said earnestly. "You see, he had a very difficult home life as a child." "Mon Dieu, another of them!"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Nothing. You were saying—"

"About Nigel. His being difficult. He's always had the tendency to go against authority of any kind. He's very clever, brilliant really, but I must admit that he sometimes has a very unfortunate manner. Sneering—you know. And he's much too scornful ever to explain or defend himself. Even if everybody in this place thinks he did that trick with the ink, he'll just say, 'Let them think it if they want to.' And that attitude is really so utterly foolish."

"It can be misunderstood, certainly."

"It's a kind of pride, I think. Because he's been so much misunderstood always. He really needs someone to look after him."

POIROT sighed. He felt, suddenly, very tired of love. First there had been Celia, with the adoring eyes of a spaniel. And now here was Patricia looking like an earnest madonna. Admittedly there must be love, young people must meet and pair off, but he, Poirot, was mercifully past all that.

He rose to his feet. "Will you permit me, mademoiselle, to retain your ring? It shall be returned to you tomorrow without fail."

"If you like," said Patricia, rather surprised.

"You are very kind. And please, mademoiselle, be careful."

"Careful? Careful of what?"

"I wish I knew," said Poirot.

He was still worried.

Mrs. Hubbard found the following day exasperating in every particular. She had awoken with a considerable sense of relief. The nagging doubt about recent occurrences had gone. A silly girl, behaving in that silly modern fashion, had been responsible. That was all.

Descending to breakfast in this comfortable assurance, Mrs. Hubbard found her newly attained ease menaced. The students chose this particular morning to be particularly trying.

Mr. Chandra Lal, who had heard of the sabotage to Elizabeth's papers, became excited and voluble. "Oppression," he spluttered. "Deliberate oppression of native races."

"Now, Mr. Chandra Lal," said Mrs. Hubbard sharply. "You've no call to say anything of that kind. Nobody knows who did it or why it was done."

"Oh, but Mrs. Hubbard, I thought Celia had come to you herself and really faced up," said Jean Tomlinson. "I thought it splendid of her. We must all be very kind to her."

"Must you be so revoltingly pious, Jean?" demanded Valerie Hobhouse angrily.

"I think that's a very unkind thing to say."

"What's all this, anyway, Ma?" Len Bateson asked. "Is it Celia who's been pinching those things, do you say? Is that why she's not down to breakfast? Poor kid. Was she hard up or something?"

"I'm not really surprised, you know," said Sally slowly. "I always had a sort of idea. . . ."

"You are saying that it was Celia who spilled ink on my notes?" Elizabeth Johnston looked incredulous. "That seems to me hardly credible."

"Celia did not throw ink on your work," said Mrs. Hubbard. "And I wish you would all stop discussing this. I meant to tell you all quietly later, but—"

"But Jean was listening outside the door last night," said Valerie.

"I was not listening. I just happened to go—"

"Come now, Bess," said Nigel. "You know quite well who spilled the

ink. I, said bad Nigel, with my little green phial, I spilled the ink."

"He didn't!" Patricia exclaimed. "He's only pretending! Oh, Nigel, how can you be so stupid?"

"I'm being noble and shielding you, Pat. Who borrowed my ink yesterday morning? You did." He pushed back his chair violently and left the room.

"There's a cold wind. Do take your coat." Patricia rushed after him.

"Cluck, cluck, cluck," said Valerie unkindly. "She'll grow feathers and flap her wings soon."

Colin McNabb had been attempting to make himself heard for some time, but his deep, superior drawl had been drowned by the higher-pitched voices. Abandoning his superior attitude, he now brought down his fist with a heavy crash on the table and startled everyone into silence. The marmalade pot skidded off the table and broke.

"Will you hold your tongues, all of you, and hear me speak! I've never heard more crass ignorance and unkindness! Don't any of you have even a nodding acquaintance with psychology? The girl's not to be blamed, I tell you. She's been going through a severe emotional crisis and she needs treating with the utmost sympathy and care, or she may remain unstable for life."

"But after all," said Jean, in a clear, priggish voice, "although I quite agree about being kind, we oughtn't to condone that sort of thing, ought we? Stealing, I mean."

"Stealing?" said Colin. "This wasn't stealing. Och, you make me sick, all of you."

"Interesting case, is she, Colin?" said Valerie and grinned at him.

"If you're interested in the workings of the mind, yes."

"Of course, she didn't take anything of mine," began Jean, "but I do think—"

"No, she didn't take anything of yours," said Colin, turning to scowl at her. "And if you knew in the least what that meant you'd perhaps not be too pleased about it."

"Really, I don't see—"

"Oh, come on, Jean," said Len Bateson. "Let's stop nagging and nattering. I'm going to be late and so are you."

They went out together. "Tell Celia to buck up," he said over his shoulder.

"I should like to make a formal protest," said Mr. Chandra Lal. "Boric powder very necessary for my eyes which much inflamed by study, was removed."

"And you'll be late too, Mr. Chandra Lal," said Mrs. Hubbard firmly.

"My professor is often unpunctual," said Mr. Chandra Lal gloomily, but moving towards the door.

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Hubbard, drawing a deep breath. "Why in the world did I ever take this job on?"

VALERIE, who was the only person left, grinned in a friendly fashion.

"Don't worry, Ma," she said. "It's a good thing it's all come out. Everyone was getting on the jumpy side."

"I must say I was very surprised."

"That it turned out to be Celia?"

"Yes. Weren't you?"

Valerie said in a rather absent voice, "Rather obvious, really, I should have thought."

"Have you been thinking so all along?"

"Well, one or two things made me wonder. At any rate, she's got Colin where she wants him."

"Yes. I can't help feeling that it's wrong."

"You can't get a man with a gun," Valerie laughed. "But a spot of kleptomania does the trick. Don't worry, Mum."

She went out. Mrs. Hubbard heard her voice in the hall saying cheerfully: "Good morning, Celia. The coast's clear. All is known and all is going to be forgiven, by order of pious Jean. As for Colin, he's been roaring like a lion on your behalf."

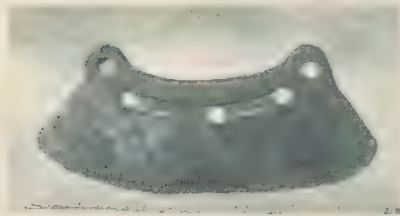
Celia came into the dining-room. Her eyes were reddened with crying.

"Oh, Mrs. Hubbard."

"You're late, Celia. The coffee is

Guess What?

by GLYN DANIEL



THIS piece of bronze is the forerunner of a common modern instrument. It measures three inches long and a quarter of an inch thick; the long edge is thinner than the upper edge. Is it...

- (a) A prehistoric razor?
- (b) A horse's bit?
- (c) A Tudor herb chopper?
- (d) A draughtsman's stencil?

Glyn Daniel tells you more on page 30.

cold and there's not much left to eat."

"I didn't want to meet the others."
"So I gather. But you've got to meet them sooner or later."

"Oh, yes, I know. But I thought—by this evening—it would be easier. And, of course, I shan't stop on here. I'll go at the end of the week."

Mrs. Hubbard frowned. "I don't think there's any need for that. You must expect a little unpleasantness—that's only fair—but they're generous-minded young people on the whole. Of course, you'll have to make reparation as far as possible—"

Celia interrupted her eagerly: "Oh, yes. I've got my cheque-book here. That's one of the things I wanted to say to you." She looked down. She was holding a cheque-book and an envelope in her hand. "I'd written to you in case you weren't about when I got down, to say how sorry I was, and I meant to put in a cheque, so that you could square up with people, but my pen ran out of ink."

"We'll have to make a list."
"I have, as far as possible. But I don't know whether to try and buy new things or just to give the money."

Mrs. Hubbard ran her eye down the list of objects. "It's difficult to say how much off-hand—"

Celia said eagerly: "Let me give you a cheque for what you think roughly, and then you find out from people and I can take some back or give you more."

"Very well," Mrs. Hubbard tentatively mentioned a sum, and Celia opened the cheque-book.

"Oh, bother my pen!" She went over to the shelves where odds and ends belonging to various students were kept. "There doesn't seem to be any ink here except Nigel's awful green. Oh, I'll use that. Nigel won't mind."

She filled the pen and came back and wrote out the cheque. Giving it to Mrs. Hubbard, she glanced at her watch. "I shall be late. I'd better not stop for breakfast."

"Now you must have something, Celia—even if it's only a bit of bread and butter. You can't go out on an empty stomach. Yes, what is it?"

Geronimo, the Italian manservant, had come into the room and was making emphatic gestures with his hands, his wizened monkey-like face screwed up in a comical grimace. "The padrona, she just come in. She want to see you." He added, with a final gesture: "She big, big temper."

"I'm coming."
Mrs. Hubbard went upstairs. She found Mrs. Nicoletis walking up and down her room in a good imitation of a tiger at the zoo near feeding time. "What is this I hear?" Mrs. Nicoletis burst out. "You send for the

police? Without a word to me? Who do you think you are? My God, who does the woman think she is?"
"I did not send for the police."

"You are a liar."
"Now then, Mrs. Nicoletis, you can't talk to me like that."
"Oh no. Certainly not! It is I who am wrong, not you. Always me. Everything you do is perfect. Police in my respectable hostel."

"It wouldn't be the first time," said Mrs. Hubbard, recalling various unpleasant incidents. "There was that student who was wanted for living on immoral earnings, and the young Communist agitator who came here under a false name, and—"

"Ah! You throw that in my teeth? Is it my fault that people come here and lie to me and have forged papers and are wanted to assist the police in murder cases? And you reproach me for what I have suffered!"

"I'm doing nothing of the kind. I only point out that it wouldn't be exactly a novelty to have the police here—I daresay it's inevitable with a mixed lot of students. But the fact is that no one has 'called in the police.' A private detective with a big reputation happened to dine here as my guest last night. He gave a very interesting talk on criminology to the students."

"As if there were any need to talk about criminology to our students! They know quite enough already. Enough to steal and destroy and sabotage as they like! And nothing is done about it—nothing!"

"I have done something about it."
"Yes, you have told this friend of yours all about our most intimate affairs. That is a gross breach of confidence."

"Not at all. I'm responsible for running this place. I'm glad to tell you the matter is now cleared up. One of the students has confessed that she has been responsible for most of these happenings."

"Dirty little cat," said Mrs. Nicoletis. "Throw her into the street."

"She is ready to leave of her own accord and she is making full reparation."

"What is the good of that? My beautiful students' home will now have a bad name. No one will come." Mrs. Nicoletis sat down on the sofa and burst into tears. "Nobody thinks of my feelings," she sobbed. "It is abominable, the way I am treated. Ignored! Thrust aside! If I were to die tomorrow, who would care?"

WISELY leaving this question unanswered, Mrs. Hubbard left the room and went down to the kitchen to interview Maria.

Maria was sullen and unco-operative. The word "police" hovered unspoken in the air.

"It is I who will be accused," she said. "I and Geronimo—the *povero*. What justice can you expect in a foreign land? No, I cannot cook the risotto as you suggest—they send the wrong rice. I make you instead the spaghetti."

"We had spaghetti last night."
"Very well then, I make the stew. The English stew. You will not like it, but I make it, the stew with the onions boiled in much water instead of cooked in the oil, and pale meat on cracked bones."

Maria spoke so menacingly that Mrs. Hubbard felt she was listening to an account of a murder. "Oh, cook what you like," she said angrily and left the kitchen.

By six o'clock that evening, Mrs. Hubbard was her efficient self again. She had put notes in all the students' rooms asking them to come and see her before dinner, and when the various summonses were obeyed, she explained that Celia had asked her to arrange matters. They were all, she thought, very nice about it.

Len Bateson drew Mrs. Hubbard aside as she came down when the dinner bell rang. "I'll wait for Celia out in the hall," he said, "and bring her in. So that she sees it's all right."

"That's very nice of you, Len."

"That's O.K., Ma."

In due course, as soup was being passed round, Len's voice was heard



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The other day a friend with whom I was having tea suggested, on the spur of the moment, that I should stay to supper. Then her face fell. "Oh, dear," she exclaimed, "I've really nothing to offer you, though—just dull old salad." "Dull!" I replied, "Why, salad can be most exciting if—but let's cut the talk and go along to the kitchen... we're going to make a real salad!"



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A salad isn't complete without vinegar!

As I told my friend later that evening, it's really wonderful what a delicious difference malt vinegar makes to salads, and there are so many ways of using it. But here, a word of warning—it must be genuine malt vinegar and to me that means Sarson's Virgin Vinegar. You see, it's brewery bottled which means it comes direct from the maturing vats to you sealed in an air-tight bottle. That means, that not a scrap of its fresh, natural flavour or colour is lost in the process, and it stays fresh, sparkling and flavour-some. Ask for Sarson's Virgin Vinegar when you next go shopping. That way you're sure of getting the best.

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3. Tomatoes are far nicer if you slice them first and then sprinkle with a mixture of olive oil and Sarson's Virgin Vinegar—just like they do on the Continent!

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booming from the hall: "Come along in, Celia. All friends here."

Nigel remarked waspishly to his soup cup: "Done his good deed for the day!" but otherwise controlled his tongue and waved a hand of greeting to Celia as she came in with Len's large arm passed round her shoulders.

There was a general outburst of cheerful conversation on various topics and Celia was appealed to by one and the other, but almost inevitably this manifestation of goodwill died away into a silence. It was then that Mr. Akibombo turned a beaming face towards Celia and, leaning across the table, said: "They have explained me good now all that I did not understand. You very clever at steal things. Long time nobody know. Very clever."

At this point Sally Finch, gasping out, "Akibombo, you'll be the death of me," had such a severe choke that she had to go out in the hall to recover. And the laughter broke out in a thoroughly natural fashion.

Colin McNabb came in a moment later. He seemed reserved and even more uncommunicative than usual. Refusing soup, he nibbled briefly at some meat. Then he pushed his plate aside, got up and said in an embarrassed mumble: "Got to go out and see someone. Like to tell you all first, Celia and I hope to get married next year when I've done my course."

A picture of blushing misery, he received the congratulations and cat-calls of his friends and finally escaped, looking terribly sheepish. Celia, on the other side, was pink and composed.

"Another good man gone west," sighed Len Bateson.

"I'm so glad for you, Celia," said Patricia. "I hope you'll be very happy."

"I am already," Celia said sincerely. "And about the other business—I'm sure that by tomorrow everything will be cleared up. I really mean it. The ink on Elizabeth's papers, and that silly business of the rucksack. And if the person owns up, like I've done, then everything will be all right."

She spoke earnestly, with a flushed face, and one or two people looked at her curiously.

Valerie said with a short laugh, "And we'll all live happy ever afterwards."

They finished their meal and went into the common room. There was quite a little competition to give Celia her coffee. Then the wireless was turned on; some students left to keep appointments or to work; and finally the inhabitants of 24 and 26 Hickory Road got to bed.

It had been, Mrs. Hubbard reflected, as she climbed gratefully between the sheets, a long wearying day. But thank goodness, she said to herself, it's all over now.

MISS LEMON was seldom, if ever, unpunctual. Fog, storm, epidemics of flu, transport breakdowns—none of these things seemed to affect that remarkable woman. But this morning Miss Lemon arrived, breathless, at five minutes past ten instead of on the stroke of ten o'clock. She was profusely apologetic and, for her, quite ruffled.

"I'm extremely sorry, M. Poirot, really extremely sorry. I was just about to leave the flat when my sister rang up."

"Ah, she is in good health and spirits, I trust."

"Well, frankly, no." And when Poirot looked inquiring, Miss Lemon hurried on: "In fact, she's very distressed. One of the students has committed suicide."

Poirot stared at her. He muttered something softly under his breath. "What is the name of the student?"

"The girl called Celia Austin."

"How?"

"They think she took morphia."

"Could it have been an accident?"

"Oh no. She left a note, it seems."

Poirot said softly: "It was not this I expected, no, it was not this. And yet it is true I expected something..."

He looked up to find Miss Lemon at attention, waiting with pencil poised above her pad. He sighed and shook

his head. "No, I will hand you here this morning's mail. File them, please, and answer what you can. Me, I shall go round to Hickory Road."

Geronimo let Poirot in when he arrived at the hostel and, recognizing him as the honoured guest of two nights before, became at once voluble in a sibilant, conspiratorial whisper.

"Ah, signore, it is you. We have here the trouble, the big trouble. The little signorina, she is dead in her bed this morning. First the doctor come. He shake his head. Now comes an inspector of the police. He is upstairs with the signora and the padrona. Why should she wish to kill herself, the poverina, when last night all is so gay and the betrothment is made?"

"Betrothment?"

"Si, si. To Mr. Colin. You know—big, dark, always smoke the pipe."

"I know."

Geronimo opened the door of the common room and introduced Poirot into it with an intensification of his conspiratorial manner. "You stay here, yes? Presently, when the police go, I tell the signora you are here."

Geronimo withdrew. Left to himself, Poirot, who had no scruples of delicacy, made as minute an examination as possible of everything in the room.

UPSTAIRS, Mrs. Hubbard was sitting facing Inspector Sharpe, who was asking questions in a soft, apologetic voice. He was a big, comfortable-looking man with a deceptively mild manner.

"It's very awkward and distressing for you, I know," he said soothingly. "But you see, there will have to be an inquest, and we have to get the picture right. Now this girl had been distressed and unhappy lately, you say?"

"Yes."

"Love affair?"

"Not exactly." Mrs. Hubbard hesitated.

"You'd better tell me everything, you know," said Inspector Sharpe, persuasively.

"It wasn't that kind of thing at all. I hesitated, Inspector Sharpe, simply because the child had done some very foolish things and I hoped it wouldn't be necessary to bring them out in the open."

Inspector Sharpe coughed. "We have a good deal of discretion, and the coroner is a man of wide experience. But we have to know."

"Yes, of course. I was being foolish. The truth is that for some time past, three months or more, things have been disappearing. Small things. Nothing very important."

"And this girl was responsible?"

"Yes."

"You'd caught her at it?"

"Not exactly. The night before last a friend of mine came to dine. A M. Hercule Poirot—"

Inspector Sharpe looked up from his notebook. His eyes had opened rather wide. "M. Poirot?" he said. "Indeed?"

"He gave us a little talk after dinner, and the subject of these thefts came up. He advised me, in front of them all, to go to the police."

"He did, did he?"

"Afterwards, Celia came along to my room and owned up. She was very distressed."

"Any question of prosecution?"

"No. She was going to make good

Guess What?

THE bronze object on page 29 is a prehistoric razor, probably more than 2,500 years old. The holes were presumably for fastening it to a handle. Archaeologists have identified such objects by reasoning that prehistoric men must have had razors—there are cave drawings of men without beards—and these are the most suitable pieces of surviving equipment for the purpose. To prove it, some archaeologists have shaved with them.



the losses, and everyone was very nice to her about it."

"Had she been hard up?"

"No. She had an adequately paid job as a dispenser at St. Catherine's Hospital and had a little money of her own, I believe. She was rather better off than most of our students."

"So she'd no need to steal, but did," said the inspector, writing it down.

"It's kleptomania, I suppose," said Mrs. Hubbard.

"That's the label that's used."

"I wonder if you're being a little unfair to her. You see, there was a young man."

"And he ratted on her?"

"Oh no. Quite the reverse. He spoke very strongly in her defence, and as a matter of fact last night, after supper, he announced that they'd become engaged."

Inspector Sharpe's eyebrows mounted his forehead in a surprised fashion. "And then she goes up to bed and takes morphia? That's rather odd."

"It is. I can't understand it," Mrs. Hubbard's face was creased with perplexity and distress.

"And yet the facts are clear enough," Sharpe looked at the small torn piece of paper that lay on the table between them.

THE words on it read: *Dear Mrs. Hubbard, I really am sorry and this is the best thing I can do.* He said, "It's not signed, but you've no doubt it's her handwriting?"

"No." But Mrs. Hubbard spoke rather uncertainly and frowned as she looked at the torn scrap of paper. Why did she feel so strongly that there was something wrong about it?

"There's one clear fingerprint on it which is definitely hers," said the inspector. "The morphia was in a small bottle with the label of St. Catherine's Hospital on it and you tell me that she works as a dispenser at St. Catherine's. She'd have access to the poison cupboard and that's where she probably got it. Presumably she brought it home with her yesterday with suicide in mind."

"I really can't believe it. It doesn't seem right somehow. She was so happy last night."

"Then we must suppose that a reaction set in when she went up to bed. Perhaps there's more in her past than you know about. Perhaps she was afraid of that coming out. You think she was very much in love with

this young man—what's his name, by the way?"

"Colin McNabb. He's doing a post-graduate course at St. Catherine's."

"A doctor? H'm. And at St. Catherine's?"

"Celia was very much in love with him. More, I should say, than he with her. He's a rather self-centred young man."

SHARPE said, "Then that's probably the explanation. She didn't feel worthy of him, or hadn't told him all she ought to tell him. She was quite young, wasn't she?"

"Twenty-three."

"They're idealistic at that age and they take love affairs hard."

He rose to his feet. "I'm afraid the actual facts will have to come out, but we'll do all we can to gloss things over. I've got all the information I need now. Her mother died two years ago and the only relative you know of is this elderly aunt in Yorkshire. We'll communicate with her."

He picked up the small torn fragment with Celia's writing on it.

"There's something wrong about that," said Mrs. Hubbard suddenly.

"Wrong? In what way?"

"I don't know—but I feel I ought to know. Oh dear."

"You're quite sure it's her handwriting?"

"Oh yes. It's not that," Mrs. Hubbard pressed her hands to her eyeballs. "I feel so dreadfully stupid this morning," she said apologetically.

"It's all been very trying for you, I know," said the inspector with gentle sympathy. "I don't think we'll need to trouble you further at the moment, Mrs. Hubbard."

Inspector Sharpe opened the door and immediately fell over Geronimo who was pressed against it outside. "Hallo," said Inspector Sharpe pleasantly. "Listening at doors, eh?"

"No, no," Geronimo answered with an air of virtuous indignation. "I do not listen—never, never! I am just coming in with message. There is gentleman in the common room downstairs to see the Signora Hubbard."

"All right. Go along in, sonny, and tell her."

Sharpe walked past Geronimo down the passage and decided to take the opportunity of inspecting the guest. He went downstairs and into the common room. The back of the small, stout figure waiting there was unmistakable. The inspector grinned and

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(356H)

said, "Hullo, M. Poirot. It's a long time since we met."

Poirot rose without visible discomposure from a kneeling position by the bottom shelf near the fireplace. "Aha," he said. "It is Inspector Sharpe, is it not? But you were not formerly in this division."

"Transferred two years ago. Remember that business down at Crays Hill?"

"Ah yes. That is a long time ago now. You are still a young man, Inspector—"

"Getting on, getting on."

"—and I am an old one. Alas!"

Poirot sighed.

"But still active, eh, M. Poirot?"

Active in certain ways, shall we say?"

"Now what do you mean by that?"

"I mean that I'd like to know why you came along here the other night to give a talk on criminology to students."

Poirot smiled. "But there is such a simple explanation. Mrs. Hubbard here is the sister of my much valued secretary, Miss Lemon. So when she asked me—"

"When she asked you to look into what had been going on here, you came along."

"You are quite correct."

"But why? That's what I want to know. What was there in it for you? Here's a silly kid who's been pinching a few things here and there. Happens all the time. Rather small beer for you, M. Poirot, isn't it?"

Poirot shook his head. "It is not so simple as that."

"Why not? What isn't simple about it?"

Poirot sat down on a chair. With a slight frown he dusted the knees of his trousers. "I wish I knew," he said simply.

Sharpe frowned. "I don't understand," he said.

"No, and I do not understand. The things that were taken—" Poirot shook his head. "They did not make a pattern—they did not make sense. It is like seeing a trail of footprints and they are not all made by the same feet. There is, quite clearly, the print of what you have called 'a silly kid,' but there is more than that. Other things happened that were meant to fit in with the pattern of Celia Austin, but they did not fit in. They were meaningless, apparently purposeless. There was evidence, too, of malice. And Celia was not malicious."

"She was a kleptomaniac?"

"I should very much doubt it."

"Just an ordinary petty thief, then?"

"Not in the way you mean. I give it you as my opinion that all this pilfering of petty objects was done to attract the attention of a certain young man."

"Colin McNabb?"

"Yes. She was desperately in love with Colin McNabb. Colin never noticed her. Instead of a nice, pretty, well-behaved young girl, she displayed herself as an interesting young criminal. The result was successful. Colin McNabb immediately fell for her, as they say, in a big way."

"He must be a complete fool, then."

"Not at all. He is a keen psychologist."

INSPECTOR SHARPE groaned. "Oh. One of those! I understand now." A faint grin showed on his face. "Pretty smart of the girl."

"Surprisingly so," Poirot repeated, musingly. "Yes, surprisingly so."

Inspector Sharpe looked alert. "Meaning by that, M. Poirot?"

"That I wondered—I still wonder—if the idea had been suggested to her by someone else?"

"For what reason?"

"How do I know? Altruism? Some ulterior motive? One is in the dark."

"Any idea as to who it might have been who gave her the tip?"

"No. Unless—"

"All the same," said Sharpe, pondering. "I don't quite get it. If she's been simply trying this kleptomania business on, and it's succeeded, why go and commit suicide?"

"The answer is that she should not have committed suicide." The two

It's The Custom . . .

in CHIPPING CAMPDEN



The children's race is on. Once, the programme included cock fighting

Everything stops for games in the street

WHEN Joe Chamberlain and Stan Knott were partners in the Scuttlebrook Wake wheelbarrow race at Chipping Campden, they took it in turns to push. It was a three-quarters of a mile course from a point near Thomason's Pharmacy, along the High Street to the old elm tree at Sheep Street corner, and back.

Knott and Chamberlain managed to defeat six other pairs. The prize was a nine-gallon barrel of beer, but the winners were too exhausted to take a drink. "The wheelbarrow race finished me," says Knott, "and I drew the line at the donkey race. Donkeys and I disagree."

Scuttlebrook Wake is held in the ancient Cotswold town of Chipping Campden every year on the Saturday after Whitsun. It takes its name from Scuttle Brook, which runs under the High Street, and is the last survival of the "Dover's Hill Olympick Games" which began in 1605, and were held annually till 1851. Robert Dover, of Campden, started the games under the patronage of James I, and three hundred years ago they

were attracting crowds of up to 30,000. The programme included cudgel play and cockfighting, and ended in Scuttlebrook Wake in the streets of the town.

For Scuttlebrook Wake nowadays, the streets of Campden are closed to traffic from two in the afternoon till the end of the day for the crowning of the May Queen in the Market Square, a fancy dress parade, a donkey derby, the wheelbarrow and children's races, and Morris and Maypole dancing.

Last year, Farmer Ben Hopkins won the fancy dress. He satirized the washed-out Three Counties Fair at Gloucester by covering himself with mud and appearing in the parade soaked to the skin.

Lack of contestants has made it impossible to keep up the old sport of shin-kicking, which began at Scuttlebrook Wake in the seventeenth century, and was last played in 1951. For this sport, two men face each other, wearing heavy boots, and kick each other's shins till one man collapses. "I hope we shall be able to revive the sport," says Stan Knott. "But I'd rather not take part myself."

men looked at each other. Poirot murmured: "You are quite sure that she did?"

"It's clear as day, M. Poirot. There's no reason to believe otherwise and—"

The door opened and Mrs. Hubbard came in. She looked flushed and triumphant. Her chin stuck out aggressively. "I've got it," she said triumphantly. "Good morning, M. Poirot. I've got it, Inspector. It came to me quite suddenly. Why that suicide note looked wrong, I mean."

"Why, Mrs. Hubbard?"

"Because it's written in ordinary blue-black ink. And Celia filled her pen with green ink—that ink over there—" Mrs. Hubbard nodded towards the shelf—"at breakfast time yesterday morning."

Inspector Sharpe went to investigate, and it was a somewhat different Inspector Sharpe that came back into the room a few minutes later.

"Quite right," he said. "I've checked up. The only pen in the girl's room, the one that was by her bed, has green ink in it. Now that green ink—"

Mrs. Hubbard held up the nearly

empty bottle. Then she explained the scene at the breakfast table.

"I feel sure," she ended, "that the scrap of paper was torn out of the letter she had written to me yesterday, and which I never opened."

"What did she do with it? Can you remember?"

Mrs. Hubbard shook her head. "I left her alone in here and went to do my housekeeping. She must, I think, have left it lying somewhere in here, and forgotten about it."

"And somebody found it and opened it. Somebody—" Sharpe broke off. "You realize," he said, "what this means? I haven't been very happy about this torn bit of paper all along. There was quite a pile of lecture notepaper in her room. It would have been much more natural to write a suicide note on a sheet of that. This means that somebody saw the possibility of using the opening phrase of her letter to you to suggest something very different. To suggest suicide—"

He paused and then said slowly: "This means—"

"Murder," said Hercule Poirot.

To be continued next week

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Green explorer Minute quantities of

fluoresceine—which can be seen even when diluted four

million times—were sprinkled into the lake. They soon coloured

the waters of two adjacent lakes and, later, the tell-tale

green hue appeared in the River Marañon, which is known

to be the upper reach of the Amazon itself. This was but

one use of a dyestuff which has proved its worth

in many unusual ways—it has been used, for example,

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are supplied not only for textile applications,

but to many other colour users at home and abroad.

Thus, and in a thousand kindred ways, I.C.I.'s research and production are serving the Nation.



THE GIRL WHO FLEW AGAIN

Continued from page 21

of her sufferings before they got her out of the wreckage.

Incredulously he asked: "And you still fly after all that lot?"

"It's my job. No point in sitting at home worrying about what's over and done with. Your song taught me that, Mr. Parrish. Matter of fact, this is my first trip since the Cairo business." She moved on down the cabin.

For a moment he was so astonished by what he had heard that he was left gaping. His song had persuaded her to take to the air again. Incredible that the absurd and contrived words should convince any rational human being. . . . He remembered how he and the little thin song writer had hashed out the words in his flat one night. "It's corny but it might do," he had said. And it had done this.

He was so occupied with his thoughts that for a few minutes he forgot his fear. When the girl returned down the aisle he wanted to stop her and question her again about it, but she disappeared into the crew cabin.

"Oh, Miss —" he said when she came out.

But the girl did not look at him. She did not appear to hear him. Some change had come over her face. "Miss —" he said again, but already it had come sweeping back over him—a sickening jolt of fear like an aching tooth flaring into life. Something was wrong. The girl went quickly back along the aisle.

He sat paralysed in his seat, waiting. There would be instructions, advice to remain calm. Almost physically sick, he looked out of the window, trying to master the dreadful thrumming of his heart.

The stewardess did not return.

At last he could bear it no longer. He levered himself out of his seat and with rubbery legs went to find her.

The girl was standing in the corridor outside the washroom. She was leaning against the wall, resting her pale forehead against the bulkhead.

He said, "What is it?"

She made an effort to straighten up.

"What is it? What's the trouble? Is something wrong with the plane?"

He had gripped her arm, and now he saw that she had been crying. Her eyes were pale and terrified.

"It's nothing," she said, but her mouth was shaking so that the words were slurred together.

He shook her, but even as he did so, feeling the thin little arms and the featherweight of the girl, he was ashamed. "Tell me what it is," he said more gently. "Lean on me."

The gentle solicitude in his voice was too much for the girl. Her head fell sobbing on his shoulder. He caught the dragged-out hysterical words in his ear. "It's nothing," she said again. "I—I just lost my nerve when I looked out for-rard."

The girl's terror, her fear of being hurt again, twisted his heart with pity. "Now, now," he said, nuzzling her head. "Remember my song. I'm with you now. Don't be frightened."

He didn't know what other nonsense he said. The words welled out of him as they came, sometimes, on the stage. The instinctive sympathy that had made him a great comedian had taken over now and he had forgotten himself. He even gave her a tune on the harmonica.

The girl reacted after a few minutes, and he could joke with her. He wrinkled his button nose, raised his eyebrows, told her she'd have them both in tears. And then he sent her to powder her nose. "You don't want one like mine, do you?" he asked.

In a little while she was smiling back at him and even giggling at the absurdity of some of his gestures.

"Well," he said, "if you're all right now, I think I'll go and dry myself. You've given my neck the best wash it's had in years."

He left her and went into the washroom, feeling a good deal more cheerful and confident than he had ever felt in the air before. He hung up his coat, unbuttoned his nylon shirt and slipped

it off. There was a bad moment when he gazed at the water in the bowl. It refused to sway even as much as it did at home. What wouldn't he give to see it sloshing up and down and know that it was the rocking of a safe, land-bound train that was causing it? But the moment passed. He washed himself noisily. . . .

It was as he was pulling his shirt on that the noise began and froze him in mid-movement. He felt his stomach muscles contract as if he had touched a bar of ice. His feet tingled on the rubber floor as the noise churned on, a terrible, grinding beat like machinery struggling to break out of its controlled orbit. *Clank, slush, clank, slush. . . .*

Parrish's freshly washed forehead prickled. He could feel his hackles rising. This was it. Some vital part of the plane or the engines, those hideously silent engines, was straining itself to disintegration. The girl had lied to him, had covered up quickly. She had had good reason to be afraid. His throat blocked with panic.

As still as a photograph, Parrish stood waiting. It would not be long. Soon the aircraft must dip and then—. They said victims never felt anything when it happened. It was just the few seconds before it happened. He could have asked that girl how she had felt. He wondered whether a crash into the sea would make any difference, whether any of them would be spared death on impact and have to drown. Hadn't he read somewhere that pressurized cabins exploded just before they hit?

And when it was all over, there would be the papers. "Elliot Parrish, famous comic, among dead."

He would be dying as a comedian, and they would never know unless they found his body with clothes intact. He would be dying with his shirt-tail out. . . .

The tortured beat hammered at him behind the panelling of the washroom. Instinctively he cowered away from it, found his feet moving over the rubber tiles, then he was wrenching at the door handle with scrabbling hands, hurtling out into the corridor.

He stumbled into the stewardess, and gripped her tightly. He was quite speechless, and watched her with eyes dilated and unblinking.

The girl's cheeks were ashen as she stood listening to the heavy *clank, slush, clank, slush* through the wall. The comedian's eyes followed every twitch of her jaw muscles, the strange empty expression on her face. Then, incredibly she began to smile. "Is it the noise? Did that alarm you?"

Parrish could not answer.

She took his hands: "We're next to the galley. That noise is the dish-washing machine. I've just popped the coffee things in."

She glanced down at his shirt dangling below his waist, and stepped back through the door. "You'd better do something about that. We don't allow sunbathing on this flight. . . ."

BACK in his seat and weak with relief, Parrish leaned back and stretched out his trembling legs. His stomach gradually relaxed, his knees felt able to carry him again. He felt a lot better. After a while he actually felt happier than he had all along this trip. The shock had done the trick, evidently. Could it be that it had knocked his fear of flying out of him altogether?

When next he caught the stewardess's eye, he gave her a shame-faced smile. She smiled back warmly.

Fifteen minutes later they had landed. Now to transfer to another aircraft for the second leg of the journey.

The stewardess alighted first. He was the last passenger to descend and he felt a little awkward at speaking to her again. "Sorry about that flap by the washroom," he said. "I'm afraid I was a dashed nuisance."

"I've almost forgotten that already," she smiled, this time the nicest smile he'd ever seen. "What I'll never forget was your kindness earlier on. We've had such a time scaring and cheering each other, Mr. Parrish!"

She shook hands, and he knew he



would never forget her. He was still thinking about her as he transferred to the next plane.

Sprawled comfortably in his new seat, Parrish smoothed down his hair and watched without a tremor the runway uncoiling as they took off. He felt a warmth in his unaccustomed ease, a lightness of heart that made him want to whistle and sing with a sincerity he did not even feel on the stage. He remembered standing in the washroom with his shirt out and began a private chuckle. His writers would be able to work that up into a gag, surely.

"Coffee, sir?"

PARRISH looked up smiling at the stewardess of the new Windstream. "Thanks, dear," he said, expansively. The girl was not as pretty as the one on the first plane, but she looked nice enough to risk a joke with. Might even tell her about the business on the other plane.

"I hope," he said in his celebrated confidential manner, "I hope your washing machine isn't as rowdy as that other one."

The new stewardess paused. "Other one, sir?"

"Plane we changed from. You know, the thing that does the crocks in the kitchen or whatever you call it. The washing machine. Heck of a row it kicked up. Scared the daylights out of me. . . ."

The girl looked bewildered. "But there's no washing machine on these planes, sir. You must be mistaken."

Parrish stared hard at her trim figure as she moved on with the coffee to the next seat. Slowly and deliberately he sipped his drink, allowing it to seep down his throat and glow inside him. Then equally deliberately he put the cup down. Slipping his hands into his jacket pocket he groped for the oblong bulge inside. His fingers closed gratefully round the harmonica and he took it out and began to play.

Never trouble trouble. . . . How many times, how many thousands of times had he sung the words, the corny words hashed out in the flat that night? Without ever once letting them sink in. He was the physician who refused his own medicine. But now he needed it and he took it.

The plane had held out: worrying about it had not made any difference one way or the other. And the girl had mastered her fear sufficiently to realize that—to fool him that everything was all right.

Several passengers cast sharp glances at the button-nosed little man who was now playing the harmonica quite loudly. His smile was so infectious when he stopped from time to time, his face so glowing with contentment that they merely smiled back and shrugged to each other as though to say: "Nice to know someone hasn't a care in the world."

THE END

MARIO AND THE FOREIGN MINISTERS

Continued from page 25

listened with care and gave his instructions. It was after midnight when the policeman, crouching in a spinney, saw Mario loom up on the path leading to the farm.

"Halt!" He rattled his carbine.

"What is it, Esca?"

"I have orders to search you."

"By all means." He held his arms wide. "But why?"

"Where have you been all day?"

"In Venice."

The policeman, busy patting pockets and thrusting inside Mario's shirt, grunted. "And you have brought back some souvenirs."

"Nothing, I assure you."

The search yielded tobacco and cigarette papers, a few tattered notes, a handkerchief; trivialities. Angrily Esca shouted: "You have hidden them somewhere near here. Later, when I have gone, you will take them across the frontier."

"If you think so, why not wait and watch me do it?"

"A man must sleep sometime." He was baffled and sulky. "You can go home now, but I warn you. . . ."

"Goodnight, Esca." In the darkness the old man's smile was private to himself.

CAPTAIN CINTURA acted promptly. Soon after dawn, Mario was awakened by a hammering on the door. Pulling on his trousers as he peered through the window, he saw a young man in uniform with belt and holster of shiny black leather.

"Frontier police," he called briskly. "Customs control."

Mario let him in. "You are making my farm a frontier post? I expected something of the kind." He pointed to a chalked line on the stone floor. "I have marked the border as well as I can. Here you are in Italy, there you are in Yugoslavia. Look round the place if you wish, but be careful where you step. Tona, my coffee!"

The old pair drank placidly, taking no notice of the gendarme. Leaning against the wall he said uneasily: "I am sorry to inconvenience you."

"No inconvenience. Next time you come, bring a chair to sit on." Mario wiped his mouth. "I don't expect you will be lonely for long."

It was mid-morning when Tona called him from the byre. "Another visitor," she said, her face wrinkled in astonishment. "What are you up to, Mario?"

The newcomer had arrived through the back garden: another young man, also in uniform, but with a red star on his cap. He stood on the farther side of the chalk line and eyed the



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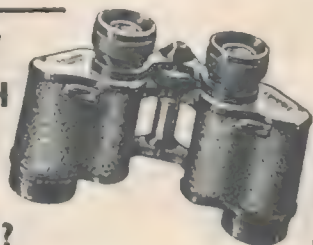
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Italian suspiciously. In the border dialect which was neither Italian nor Slovene, he grumbled, "They send me all the way from Pula to—this." And then to Mario, sharply, "Where are you going?"

"Into my garden."

All morning Mario pottered around, moving from back to front and returning more often than seemed necessary. The Customs men watched him narrowly, in silence, but he took no notice. At noon he sat down with Tona to a steaming mess of pasta.

The Yugoslav growled: "Not very hospitable, are you?"

MARIO spoke mildly. "A poor man can't afford to be hospitable, with strangers. But you are welcome to a meal. It will cost you two thousand lire; or, if you prefer it, a thousand dinars."

A shocked silence, broken by the Italian: "More than I earn in a day and a half!"

Mario shrugged. "You can put it down to expenses. But just as you like."

They were hungry; the pasta steamed with maddening savour; they paid. Mario adjusted the kitchen table so that they could sit at each end without breaking international law.

The long afternoon sagged away while Mario busied himself about his holding. When he came in at six o'clock, the Italian said sourly: "If you are waiting for nightfall, give up the hope. My relief is on the way."

"And mine," said the Yugoslav.

Mario's old eyes were bright with interest. "They will stay up all night?"

"Naturally. And if they have any sense they'll bring their own food."

The two reliefs arrived at dusk. In the morning they departed, blear-eyed and coffee-less, and reported that Mario Smunto appeared to have passed a very good night.

In the next week the farmer strayed no farther than his back fence to the east and the village to the west. The guards brought bread and salami, occasionally snarled at each other, and looked at their watches every quarter of an hour. Tona took her cue from her husband and treated them like furniture. Once, in the quiet of bed, she asked Mario how long this would continue.

"Not long, I think," he replied; and slept.

It was in fact ten days before Captain Cintura was summoned to Trieste. He stood at attention while Colonel Pianta stormed at him.

"Four men!" he screamed. "One

by day, one by night, and two reliefs at the weekend. For what? To keep an eye on one fool of a peasant farmer."

"There is no other way, Colonel."

"There must be another." He waved a paper. "Four men on special duty, just to see there is no monkey business with gewgaws from Venice and plum brandy from Yugoslavia. And all over a single dim-witted peasant. It is unendurable!"

"I am sorry, Colonel—"

"Sorry! It is no use being sorry. We must have some results. You haven't uncovered a thing." His palm slapped on the desk. "Get him out. Close up the farm, seal it off."

"I thought of it." Cintura sounded hurt. "The law says he cannot be moved without his consent. He will never give it." More hopefully, he went on, "The Yugoslavs must be having the same trouble on their side."

"How does that help me?" The colonel paused, held by a thought. "Wait a moment." The thought grew as he mused on it, took shape. In Pula, perhaps at this moment, there was just such a scene as this.

More genially he went on: "In this life there must be a little give and take, you agree? It is, so to speak, a matter of—adjustment. No need to trouble higher authority over such a small matter. A word with my opposite number in Pula. . . ."

Captain Cintura's eyes were wide with alarm. "An international agreement, Colonel, signed, sealed, drawn on a map!"

"Go away," said Colonel Pianta, and picked up the telephone.

THE workmen were busy with the concrete posts and the taut wire. The fence had lost its neat line and now curved east, running unbroken past Mario Smunto's back gate.

Captain Cintura tested the strands. "This is going to stop your little games, I think."

"Games, Captain?"

"In one plain word, smuggling."

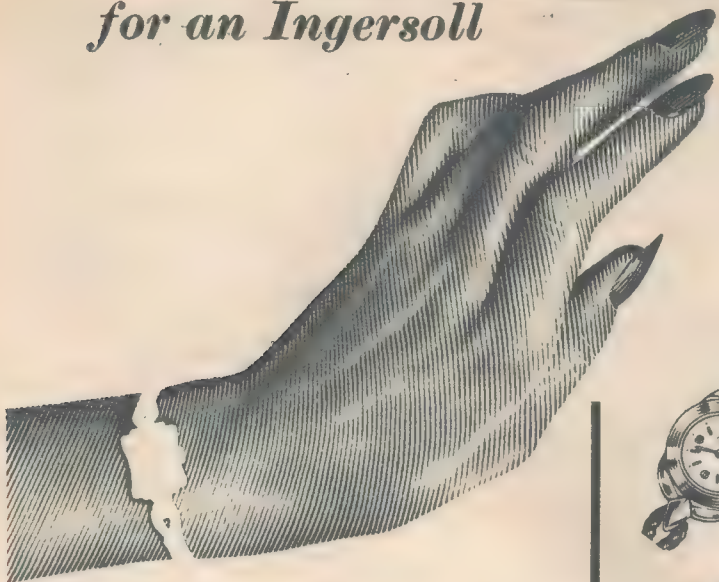
"But, Captain, I have never smuggled anything. I would never try to do such a thing."

His tone was that of a man stating a simple truth. Cintura stared.

"Do you know," he said, and there was wonder in his voice. "I think I believe you? But your behaviour. . . . I see." He smiled bleakly. "Well, you have your way now. Anything else I can do for Your Highness?"

"Only one thing." Mario was apologetic. "I should be grateful if you would ask the men to scrub out the yellow line over my house." THE END

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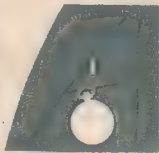
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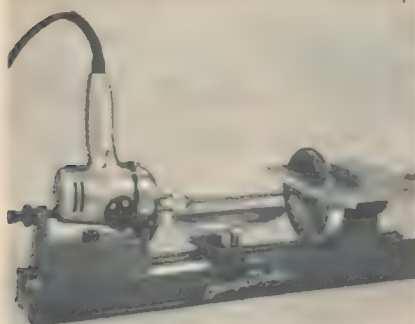
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TWO AGAINST THE KREMLIN

Continued from page 19

particularly beautiful, in a long silver costume that the maidens of Byelorussia [White Russia] once wore.

We gave this party between ambassadors. George Kennan had gone and President Eisenhower had only just appointed Charles E. Bohlen.

It was a happy day for me when "Chip" Bohlen stepped off an aircraft at Vnukovo Airport. We shook hands with more than usual warmth. I had known him for many years; he was only a few years my senior and he knew my problems and all the details and agonies surrounding them.

"Eddy," he said, "I want you to know that one of the first things I'm going to do is to try to get Tamara out of here."

"Thank you, Charles. I couldn't ask anyone to do more." Other American ambassadors of course, had brought the subject up with the Russians, too.

We got into his automobile and rode off through Moscow's suburbs. "My, my," observed the ambassador as he glanced at a clothes line. "I see that the Russian ladies still wear those same blue panties."

He was right. The Soviet Union was one country, if not the first one, to nationalise women's underwear—the full cotton knickers, long in the leg and produced year after year in only two colours, blue and purple, with the emphasis on the blue.

Startling News

Some time after this, I was awakened at four o'clock one windy March morning; I remember how I kept staring at my telephone dial as if I had never seen it before.

"Mr. Gilmore," said a voice in Russian, "this is Tass [Telegraphic Agency of the Soviet Union]. We should inform you that the Chairman of the Council of Ministers, Comrade J. V. Stalin, has been taken seriously ill."

That knocked me out of my half sleep. I handed the telephone to Tamara and began pulling on clothes over my pyjamas. I knew that I had one of the greatest news stories of all time.

Tamara hang up. Her big brown eyes were as round as I ever saw them. "It's true; Stalin is very critically ill."

I raced down five flights of stairs into the icy street below and set out to find a taxi. How small we mortals are! As I pounded up that street, I reduced this entire situation to how it affected me, and I'm afraid it wasn't very Christian of me.

I said to myself: Well, if Joseph Stalin is ill, I certainly hope it isn't anything trivial.

It didn't take me long to find a cab. "To the Central Telegraph Office, but go through Red Square."

The taxi finally reached St. Basil's Cathedral at the southern end of the square. I looked at the great, towering Kremlin, this city within a city. I saw cars coming and cars going. Every light behind the tall, red walls seemed ablaze.

At the telegraph office there was real Russian confusion, but I managed to get the news out after patient trying.

Saw Men In White

During the time that Joseph Stalin lay dying, I made it my business to go through Red Square at least a dozen times a day and night. I saw automobiles filled with men in white going in and out of the Kremlin. I judged them to be doctors. On one occasion I saw a car loaded with women in white and they looked to be nurses. And on another occasion I saw an open lorry hauling what appeared to be oxygen tanks.

There are some Westerners who say Stalin was murdered. I have no way of knowing if this is true, but I doubt it. I believe Stalin's death was about the way the official announcements said.

The funeral was Byzantine. Black horses pulled a gun carriage on which Stalin's strange coffin lay. There was a celluloid blister built over the head and shoulders, so that everyone along

the route could see the features of the dead dictator.

Immediately after the funeral an official of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs entered the diplomatic box and asked a few of the foreigners there if they would like to visit the tomb where Stalin's body had been placed beside Lenin's.

I tagged along and saw a singular sight. There was nothing in the tomb but the two bodies and, over against one wall, a small wooden table. On it stood a half-empty vodka bottle and two empty glasses. If I knew who had been down in that tomb drinking what toasts and to whom, I might have the answer to a great many unanswered questions in Russia today.

Freed Prisoners

With Stalin gone, a new look was evident in Russia. Malenkov declared an amnesty and thousands of non-political prisoners were let out of jail.

The British and American Embassies—which had previously been ordered out of buildings they had occupied for years—were told that they did not have to move after all. On the first May Day after Stalin's death, the government did not force two million people to walk through Red Square in a "spontaneous demonstration" of appreciation for their government. Parks were flung open, the football season was inaugurated and the people had a good time. It was refreshing to see.

Andrei Vyshinsky was demoted from Foreign Minister to Deputy Foreign Minister and Molotov was back at his old job.

One early summer day after Vyshinsky had been shipped back to New York to act as his country's mouthpiece—and what an able one!—at the United Nations, Tamara and I found ourselves at a large luncheon at the Netherlands Embassy.

We saw U.S. Ambassador Bohlen and his pretty wife, Avis, among the guests. The meal was good, the talk was fine and at about three o'clock the ambassador suggested we linger behind. "Deck tennis in the side yard," he said. "I can only play a couple of sets, for I've got an important engagement."

An important engagement for an ambassador on a Saturday afternoon usually meant the Ministry for Foreign Affairs.

Chip Bohlen played several sets and then called me aside. "Molotov has asked me to go to see him," he said. "If there's anything interesting, I'll let you know later."

I forgot all about it and went back to playing deck tennis. At last, thoroughly tired, we went home.

The telephone rang. I recognized Bohlen's voice. "Eddy," he said, "can you come over to Spasso House right away?"

Dared Not Think

Such a request in Moscow sounds ominous. "Is it bad news, Charles?" I asked.

"It ain't too bad, kid," he said.

I hung up and ran for my hat. It was a pleasant, warm day. The sun was shining and a good dinner was in store for the evening, for we were invited to the British Minister's and one always ate well there.

I dared not think why the ambassador had summoned me so quickly to his residence. I just would not let myself believe that this was the news for which Tamara and I had been waiting for so many years.

I found Chip Bohlen pacing the floor of the Blue Room. "I've just come back from seeing Vyacheslav," he said. Vyacheslav is Molotov's first name. "Tamara's sprung. She gets her visa!"

"Say that again."

He said it again. "I suppose," he added, "you need a drink."

At this point, Mrs. Bohlen rushed into the room. She had just heard the good news. "Congratulations," she shouted.

"I've got to kiss someone," I said. "Well, honey," she answered, "here I am." The American ambassador was kissed without protocol.

I turned to the ambassador. "Thank



you, Charles. Thank you very much for all you've done."

"Don't thank me," said Chip, who by this time had tears in his eyes. "A wooden Indian could have done what I did. Just thank whatever it was that took Joe Stalin away."

Back at our flat I shouted for Tamara.

"She's gone to the market, Gospodin," said the cook.

After what seemed years, she entered the apartment. "Brace yourself, Sweetie," I said in English. "Chip has just come back from seeing Molotov, and you get your visa."

Tamara didn't say a word, but staggered back into the children's empty room and collapsed in an armchair. "I'm in a dream," she said, "don't wake me up."

Those remaining days in Russia were among the most pleasant I have ever spent anywhere. There were many, many farewell parties. We attended eighteen in a row up to and including the night before we left.

In the midst of all this came the European Basketball Championships, and I had to cover them. One Sunday afternoon, with 40,000 people looking on in the Dynamo Stadium, the young Italian team lined up to meet the veteran Russians.

The Soviet captain walked to the centre of the stadium. The Italian captain met him. The Italian handed the Russian a souvenir of Italy and the Soviet leader handed the Italian the biggest armload of flowers I ever saw. They shook hands and joined their respective team mates.

I noticed the Italian captain holding a brief consultation with his players. Then he turned and ran across one end of the stadium, dashed up the aisle between twelve rows of spectators to where Tamara and I were sitting with the Bohlenes.

The captain bowed deeply and presented the flowers to my Russian wife. She held out her hand and the tall, blond Italian kissed it. A group of Soviet photographers rushed up and flashbulbs went off in the summer air.

"When they identify Tamara," whispered the American ambassador, "that will be one picture they'll keep

off the front page. Things may be changing, but America isn't that popular yet."

Tamara's face was the colour of her red linen suit. "God of mine," she said in Russian, "for which side do I cheer now?"

Olga Lepeshinskaya, the ballerina, was sitting about twenty feet away. She looked at Tamara, smiled and waved.

"The new look, all right," I said. "Olga hasn't smiled at Tamara in public for years."

Our final goodbye party was at the Pakistan Embassy. This building was just round the corner from where Tamara's family lived. At midnight we slipped quietly away from the party and went to say farewell to the nice, kind people to whom I caused such trouble by marrying into their family.

They never referred to it and never showed me anything but loving kindness. I hadn't seen them for more than three years until I stood before Tamara's mother that night. She held an old icon in one hand and blessed us.

"You have my blessing, my son," she said. "I give you my daughter and my grand-daughters. Go with them and may God be with you all."

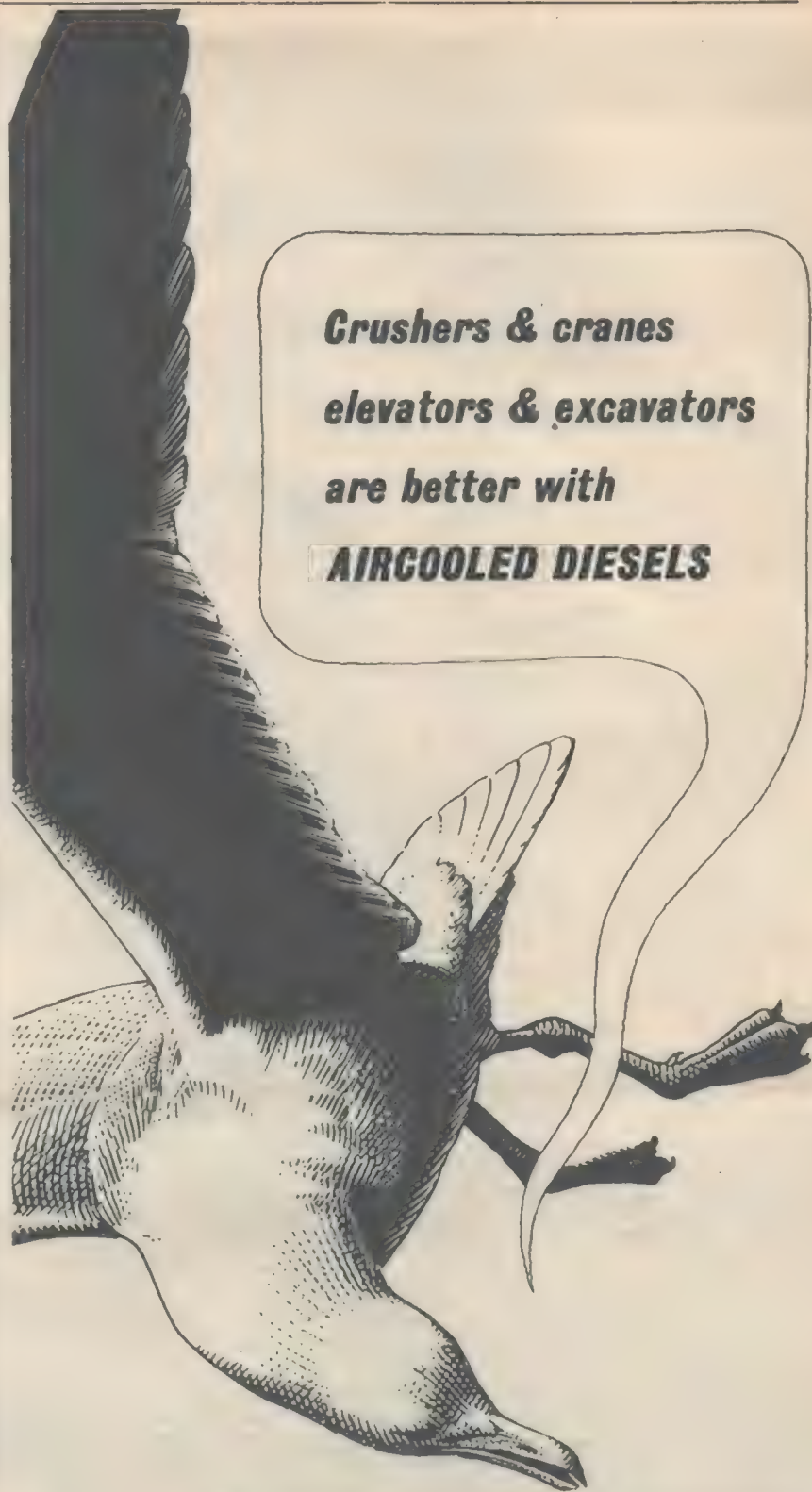
Party Raged On

We returned, a little sad, to the Pakistan Embassy, where the party was still raging. And it raged almost until dawn and time for us to rush home, close our suitcases and make for the aircraft that would take us to Helsinki and the free world.

I didn't go round to the Soviet Press Department and thank anyone for letting us go. I refuse to consider our release an act of Soviet charity. It was something they should have done years before.

A good-sized crowd was at the airport to see us off. There were kisses and handshakes and tears, but at last Tamara, Vicki, Susanna and I went out on the runway and into the Soviet plane. I kept my fingers crossed, for we still weren't out of the country.

The door closed. The plane rose off the ground at Vnukovo Airport where Tamara and I had seen so many friends leave Russia. We landed briefly at



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THE REST

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frightfully weak-minded. I swore I'd never speak to him again - not ever - but the very first time I ran into him I found myself letting him buy me roses.

Then somehow or other I'd accepted a box of Black Magic chocolates (the truth is, I can't resist those gorgeous centres) and then - well.

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.



MR. PLANE WAS an expert cabinet maker with a prospering business. When Thomas's father asked him to take Thomas as an apprentice, Plane was not keen. He felt that he hadn't time to spare for giving the boy instruction but, after considerable persuasion, he reluctantly agreed.

A deed was drawn up about the arrangement: in view of the teaching that Thomas would get, Plane required the boy to work for him when his apprenticeship was over, with the possibility of eventual partnership, and a clause to this effect was put into the document.

It was also stated that if Thomas should leave Plane's employment, he would not carry on the trade of cabinet maker either on his own account or as an employee anywhere in the country.

Thomas completed his apprenticeship, and stayed on with

Plane for another three years; then he gave notice and left, to open his own business in the next town.

Plane sued Thomas for breaking the promise in the deed of apprenticeship. "I didn't want to take on the boy in the first place," Plane told the judge. "I only did so at the entreaty of Thomas and his father."

"It cost me time and money to teach him the trade, and he must abide by the deed which both he and his father willingly signed. What has happened now is exactly the situation I wished to avoid."

"The deed is oppressive," answered Thomas. "I served Plane first as an apprentice, and then for three years as a cabinet maker."

"Surely that is reasonable—he can't expect me to be his employee for life. I feel that I have made him a fair return for what he has done for me."

What is your verdict? For the legal position turn to page 43

Leningrad and I knew we were only a few minutes from the Finnish frontier. I still kept my fingers crossed.

We got back into the plane. The motors roared and we were off the ground. It wasn't long before I sighted Helsinki. We came down and got off the plane. I scooped up a handful of Finnish earth.

"What are you doing?" asked Tamara.

"Nothing." I'm afraid this was awfully sentimental of me, but I couldn't help raising that soil to my lips.

In less than an hour we were in a neat, beautifully operated plane of the beautiful Scandinavian Airlines, being served a beautiful luncheon by a beautiful Swedish stewardess. "Look," I said to Tamara, "she smiles."

I thought of the poor girl on the Soviet plane who had had to leave it at Leningrad. The Russians would not let their stewardess, or whatever they call her, land at Helsinki.

"Will you fasten your seat belts?" said the Swedish girl in perfect English. "We are about to land at Bromma Airport, Stockholm."

"Lady," I said, "we certainly will."

In closing, I would like to emphasize the difference between the Russian

people and the Russian Communist Party. The difference is vast.

In all our Western thinking and dealing, I believe that we should always remember that the Russian people and the Communist Party are not the same thing. The Russian people are generous, kind, gay and sad, and possessed of vigour and great talent. They spring from a big, broad land and their souls and hearts are spacious. They never do things in a little way. They are sentimental and loyal and they have a sense of humour and a sense of the ridiculous that is sublime.

If they ever attain freedom, there is simply no telling what they won't accomplish. And if they do, I would like to go back there and live among them again. But until they do, I think I'll stay put, for twelve years behind the Iron Curtain is about par for the course.

Life is a wonderful thing. I know now that the world doesn't owe me anything. This is largely because of some very full and splendid years that I have spent with Tamara—a great Russian if I ever knew one.

Without her, two people couldn't have stood out so long against the Kremlin.

THE END

CUT PRICE EMPIRE AT THE CROSSROADS

Continued from page 11

to live. It believes in America to the extent that it sees its liberation in American terms. Teams of girl basketball players, athletes, swimmers, train in American style. The young Japanese girl, from being the precious object that she was before Hiroshima, has become a proletarian, burdened with responsibilities, but also with rights. And she means to make use of them.

Immediately upon her marriage, the Japanese woman is reduced to complete subservience. She brings children into the world, cares lovingly for them and waits upon the pleasure of her husband. The man leaves his little bamboo house early in the morning and does not return until late in the evening. Yet his work ends at five o'clock in the afternoon. His wife never asks him how he spends his time. She prefers to be ignorant of the fact that he has gone to buy, from geishas, or in one of the innumerable bars that cover the country, a little forgetfulness, a momentary escape from his mediocre fate. She also prefers to remain ignorant of her inferiority.

Jealousy does not even exist as a word for her. She believes in the supremacy of her pearl-dressed rival, the geisha. If one of her own daughters, in good time, displays some talent in reciting a poem and is not actually a scarecrow, she dreams of a geisha's life for her. It is the supreme honour. It is also, to her mind, an escape.

No Pardon For Victory

After four years of occupation and five years of friendly presence, the Americans have come to understand that the barrier set up between them and the Japanese has taken away any hope of their being pardoned for their atomic victory. The soldiers, for their part, did not wait for instructions, but from the very first recognized the mannered charm of Japanese women. They "fraternized" considerably.

By forcing them to live, as it were, in a water-tight compartment, the ex-occupants have given the Japanese two complexes: an inferiority complex and a germ complex. In Yokohama port as well as in the streets of Tokyo, people walk about with masks over their mouths to filter the germs. Street-cleaners wear them, too. Charming painted dolls, all alive, ripple along the pavements, the lower part of their faces hidden by a protecting gag.

The inferiority complex, though, is not what it was, for a fever of excitement runs through Japan since she was assured of peace. Dreams mushroom up. Business is good. The worker, a veritable automaton, works cheaper than anywhere else. In this renaissance Japan is drawing up the balance sheet of the American occupation. The results do not tally with American hopes.

The Gods Have Gone

To begin with, Japan has lost its gods. Emperor Hirohito, at whose face the ordinary mortal formerly could not look, is not an exception. He raises his hat like any man, he speaks English with an American accent and opens bridges and roads when they are being inaugurated. He is no longer the son of the sun, but a good administrator.

At one stroke, the Nipponese flag, which used to represent a sun with a number of sunbeams round it, has become a white cloth with a big red dot in the middle. However, forgetting is not so easy; already, in many public demonstrations, sunbeams are reappearing on the banners.

The members of the Imperial Family have fallen off their pedestals, have lost their titles and the stipends granted them from the Imperial Palace. The ex-highnesses sell fish and serve the thirsty with their daily ration of Coca-Cola. Everyday cares and the need to earn a living have wiped out the nobility which still, until the end of the war, lived feudally. In this respect, Hiroshima made good a lag of one hundred and fifty years.

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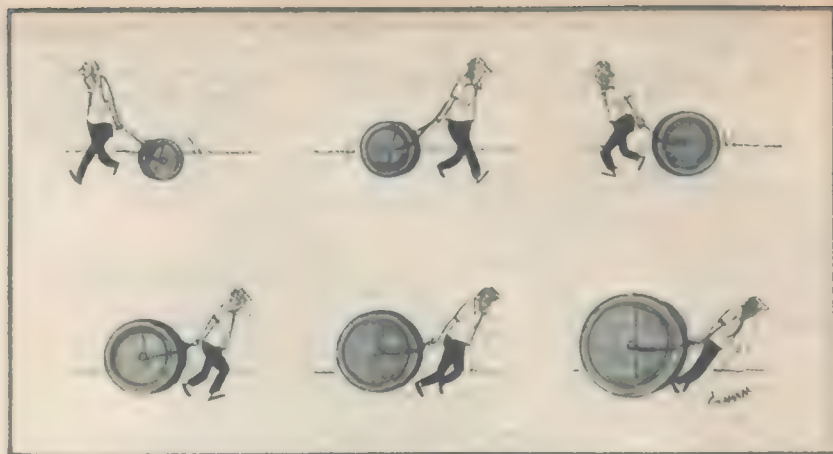
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longer exist, the worker in the Yawara steelworks or the printer on the *Mainichi* may join a political union or demand an increase on their £16 monthly without having to stand up to squads of police who would club workers' leaders or strikers into defeat, without distinction or mercy. The notion of social justice is entering people's minds. It is an American gift, perhaps the only one.

Japan still does not see clearly why she lost the war. She has not grasped at all the whys and wherefores of her defeat. Therefore she abandons the attempt to understand, and gives free rein to her prodigious bent for imitation in order to parody American democracy. In this she confuses the gimcrack with the ideal. She imitates externals, but suffers from the effects of a national constitution which is a little abstract for her taste, a constitution contrived by some young officers who were in favour with General MacArthur.

Youth Breaks Free

The Japanese conservatives style as democratic the daily habits which Japanese youth is borrowing from the U.S.A. Youth wants to live freely. For it, democracy is one with the chewing-gum bought at every street corner. The young Japanese regards his own personal liberation as an item to be entered to the credit of the American occupation. At times his victories seem rather absurd.

The streets of Tokyo have become battlefields where Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola wrest customers from each other. Mickey Mouse and the erotic Blondie burst upon the Nipponese screens and compete with pin-ups of the type of Miss Japan, Fuziko Yamamoto, or the Number One Star, Akiko Fujiwara.

The typist in the Fukunato Building, between letters, dreams of the American girl, and at the end of the month she haunts department stores of the Ginza quarter or of Avenue A and buys herself a skirt with casual lines, low-heel shoes, a woollen two-piece suit manufactured by the million.

Each evening, nine million radios spill into Japanese hearts the languors of New Orleans blues or the impact of ragtime. And television follows the fashion. More Gershwin is broadcast than Japanese music. Gradually, however, nationalism is winning back a little ground.

If the geishas continue to dance the tea-dance, the young people swear only by be-bop. The frenzy that fires them in the little dance halls seems to use up the reserves of decency accumulated by their ancestors in the course of ten centuries. Coming out of the dance hall, the boys take their girl friends by the hands, just as in the U.S.A. Before the war, such a gesture would have brought on a revolution.

In all this, where is democracy? Japan has shaken off her feudal yoke and yet is once more plunging into the past. Where will the current bear her? This is precisely what the Americans would like to know. They have made many investigations among the people. They have drawn up learned statistics about public opinion, which are the more misleading the more they are detailed: because it is as easy to interview a Japanese as a pier-glass.

Both give back a reflection of yourself. The Japanese, as much out of

courtesy as caution, is always much of the opinion of his questioner. He agrees with him even against common sense.

Japanese Gallup polls are concerned almost entirely with peace and war. For example, the idea of rearmament gained greatly in a few months. At the beginning, one per cent of the Japanese interviewed in the street, unprompted, declared themselves in its favour. Today, more than half of them have rallied to this opinion. And the reasons given for it prove that peace has restored them to their true selves. Once more they are able to believe in their future.

Fifty per cent of the persons questioned think that Japan will not be able to maintain her independence without her own army. One Japanese out of three thinks that this independence is liable to be menaced by a Communist attack—but we can never know whether "Communist," in his mind, stands for Chinese or Russian.

Those who oppose an eventual rearmament believe that Japan can become the Switzerland of Asia and the Pacific. An enormous majority declare themselves in favour of the reconstitution of the navy. Japan has not forgotten her mammoth plane-carriers and battleships.

And the last question which excites the country is the fate of certain of her islands. The Americans want to place under the control of the United Nations the Kuriles—they are rocks which fan out to the north of Hokkaido—and likewise those which are strung out to the south of the archipelago, the Ryukyu Islands.

Almost eighty per cent of those interviewed demanded the return of these to the mother country. The newspaper *Mainichi*, which organized this referendum, concluded that restitution was essential. This is the first frank claim formulated by Japan since the peace treaty gave her back her liberty.

Hesitant And Hasty

Hampered by her kimono, her knees imprisoned in her hobble-skirts, perched high on her getas, the Japanese woman is an exact symbol of the Japan of today. To get along at all, she is obliged to bend her body forward, and, so as not to fall, to run along the pavement, her feet pointed inwards in a V, the heels apart. In everything she undertakes, on a national, if not an international scale, Japan behaves similarly. She hesitates a long time before acting, but when she begins to move, she is already sliding down the hill of excess, and this sometimes leads to catastrophe.

This same propensity for dizzy joys is again found in Japanese sports. The sumo, for example, or Japanese wrestling. Each year, in spring and in autumn, the athletes of the country are matched in championship contests.

In a circular tent, where 20,000 spectators are massed, a little platform, as round as a button, stands in the middle of the arena. Four beams support a coloured dais whereon stands an umpire, who is part officiant and part clown. He strikes his fan in his hands, a signal to the wrestlers, who are standing apart, to approach.

The ring is purified with a handful of salt; meanwhile, the crowd roars. Shripping voices predominate. The hubbub

contrasts with the profound silence of the two antagonists. They face each other with a long stare, as if in deadly defiance. Then they squat, legs wide apart and faces close together.

In this toadlike position, they remain fixed for several minutes. Sometimes they get up, take another fistful of salt, sprinkle the arena with it and crouch down once more. The whole time, the crowd shrieks in an almost demented fashion—which has no connection with the hurrahs of a European sporting crowd.

Five, six, seven minutes sometimes elapse in this waiting period. Then, at an order, whooped like a cock-crow by the umpire—or, more correctly, the director—the two men lift up their fifteen stones of fat flesh, rush upon each other, give each other several mighty punches full in the face—enough to stun an ox—then, shoulder to shoulder, they seize each other by the waist.

The aim is to carry your opponent out of the ring—which is done in about twenty seconds, rarely more. There are twenty seconds of silence, intense and impassioned to a high degree. One heave, extremely brutal, is enough; and this disaster puts the adversary out of action. The long patience, the suggestion of cunning and violence unleashed in a few seconds—this is Japan.

Another trait in Japanese character is a lack of logic. In those interminable electric trains which go around Tokyo and then connect up the suburbs, small girls, in sailor collars and blue skirts, run through the corridors shouting the newspaper headlines. No one hears them, no one understands them, for the train makes an infernal din; but they continue to bellow the speech that the head salesman taught them before he sent them out.

In a factory, the foreman spends an hour explaining to a newcomer what he must do. In Europe, it would take ten seconds. But once the process is explained, it becomes part of the intricate overlapping mechanism of this astonishing automatism—slow, minute and without any imagination—which is the Japanese worker.

Heart Of The Land

Let us visit a typical Japanese village, squeezed between Mount Fuji and the Bay of Atami, part peasant, part fisher, part worker. With its 6,814 inhabitants, it resembles thousands of other Japanese villages.

Lean over this village, lift up its roofs, go through its wallets, consult the income tax returns of a few families and you will see into the heart of the land. You will have a cross-section of its life which will immediately reveal one of its secrets. Something will come to light which is slowly fermenting in its retort and which will end one day in an explosion which will astound the world.

The village bears a name as tender as a flower: Ninomiya. From Tokyo you get there by car in an hour and a half. All the houses are alike. A single match on a windy day could cause Ninomiya to be wiped from the face of the globe. And so posters, banners and cartoons pointing out the danger plaster the village.

In these poor houses, where each family lives on mats in one room, seventy-nine per cent of the inhabitants have a radio. An almost equal proportion read the two Tokyo dailies.

It is a village which does not debate

Consider your verdict

In the case on page 41, the judge said that the law is a jealous guardian of a man's liberty to trade or to carry on business. Any restraint on these must be reasonable both as to the length of time and the area to which the restraint applies. Plane's attempt to keep Thomas in his own business indefinitely—or otherwise to prevent him from plying his trade at all—was unreasonable. Plane lost his case. (This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.)



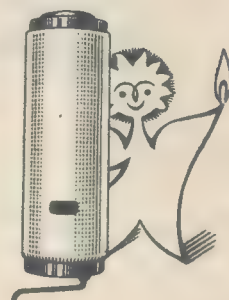
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ideas very much; it believes in the glory of Hirohito, an emperor fallen from his solar estate but not shorn of his sentimental aura; a village which talks much of rice-crops; which, at times, observes a few American tourists on the high road and which looks to the future with misgivings because the rice-fields are not getting any larger.

In vain do they narrow the country lanes, cut down a few trees and cultivate soya in their gardens instead of flowers—which here is considered very unseemly. The number of children grows faster than the grains of rice. With no solution in sight, the daily rice-bowl steadily loses a little of its weight and volume.

Land Must Provide

Now we meet Fachiro Furusawa. In spite of his fifty-four years, he comes into his wooden house with a lively step, from the kitchen which leads into a yard. He carries a spade on his shoulders, invites me to sit down and offers me the traditional tea and some chickpeas. His four children—and at that, the number of his family is below the average of Ninomiya—stand grouped behind him at a respectful distance, while his wife grills some fish on a charcoal fire.

"Yes," he tells me, "I own my own land. Not much, about half an acre, which yields me rice, potatoes, peas and a little cereal. As I must have some yen to pay the taxes, I sell a little rice. This means considerable scraping, because rice makes up ninety-five per cent of our food. The rest is fish, a few vegetables and, occasionally, some fruit.

"As for my working months, they aren't many; May and June to sow the seed, October and November for the harvest. That is to say, I have quite a bit of time on my hands, because there is no work. All that I can do during this enforced leisure is to quarrel with my wife and play with my children."

Considering the level at which the net birthrate is sustained in Japan, the land under cultivation, which even now does not feed the peasant, is going to appear even poorer and more inadequate in four or five years' time.

Will Japan March?

Then tragedy will appear: it is written in the furrows of the rice-fields. Japan, no matter which she does, cannot feed her eighty million inhabitants—or the million and more extra children who are born every year. At whatever cost, she must have room; that is, land. And the fact of Hiroshima will not stop her from looking towards China, the Philippines, towards Indonesia and perhaps farther afield. A hungry belly is heedless.

Down the road, two hundred military police are drilling. All solid, compact fellows, and scarcely any older than thirty-five. Buttoned into uniforms of dark cloth, their shoes strapped into short gaiters, the tunic narrow at the waist, they carry a gun, cartridges and a pack which weighs nearly thirty pounds. In the pale dawn which is trying to break through, they go off without impatience, their faces flat, discipline intense.

An order is barked out. The two hundred begin to march. At first slowly, then faster and faster, until marching becomes running. Rhythmically, thus they cover five miles at the double and without a halt. No bugle acts as alarm-clock, no black

coffee keeps them awake, but on they run for a whole hour, packs on.

These are the future soldiers of the new Japanese army. Until they bear this title they are called the N.P.R. (National Police Reserve). They have not even translated these initials into Japanese. But they are already training in the Japanese style, between bristling hedges of "kitai" (laws) and "kunrei" (regulations).

At the same hour, each morning, 130,000 men bound along the roads of Japan, and this does not include 16,000 marines and 6,300 airmen. This figure of 130,000 is made up of two parts. One part comprising about 75,000 men is officially recognized. The second section eludes official computation. It has no limits. It is enough for it to have another name. Its men are cooks, chauffeurs, first-aid men, but they form the nexus of an army, the training of which can be intensified from day to day.

Tomorrow, perhaps, they will simply add a nought to each military unit and the great Japanese army will be reborn in the eyes of the world without a single sound. The only factor limiting the expansion of these military units is that of money. Who will pay to arm the Japanese forces?

The new army began from scratch, for Japan for a long period after the war did not possess weapons. This was so true that a few years ago, the Americans had to lend revolvers to the Nipponese policemen, at a time when they were taking on more men. As for Japanese rifles, you might have found a few in the museums, that is all. The new soldiers trained with Uncle Sam's rifles and machine-guns.

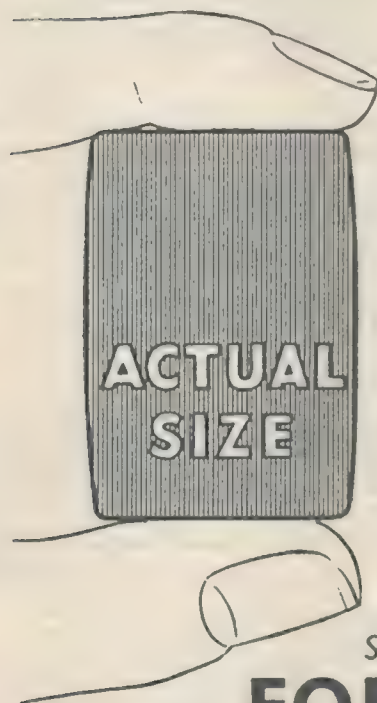
Game Of Blackmail

The Japanese very well understand the problem of power. They know that a modern state, to be strong, must be armed and industrialized. They know, also, that a modern army devours fabulous budgets and for decades can prevent the economic recovery of a nation. Last, they are not blind to the fact that the U.S.A. has an urgent need of Japan as a military ally, if it wants to guarantee its Asiatic flank in the Western Pacific.

Starting with the fundamentals, an extremely tight diplomatic game is being played between Tokyo and Washington. We cannot be sure of the victor. A little blackmail on one side, a little anxiety on the other, will give these debates a typically Oriental character.

Every time the United States asks for increased military efforts, the Japanese Government brandishes Gallup polls demanding peace. As Washington opens its purse to pay for the revival of the Japanese Army—make no doubt about it—the Gallup polls disappear, the desire for peace gives way to warlike claims; restrictions vanish. In this land of imitators, one or two per cent of the population think, the rest follow. Their minds are nourished with slogans.

To date, the U.S.A. has expended well above two milliards of dollars to ensure the economic convalescence of Japan. In 1950, at a moment when a relapse might have plunged the country once more into inflation and misery, Korea lighted up its camp fires. Immediately, Japan was flooded with orders. A languishing industry, an unemployment which left two and a half million men idle, naval dockyards working on short time, all



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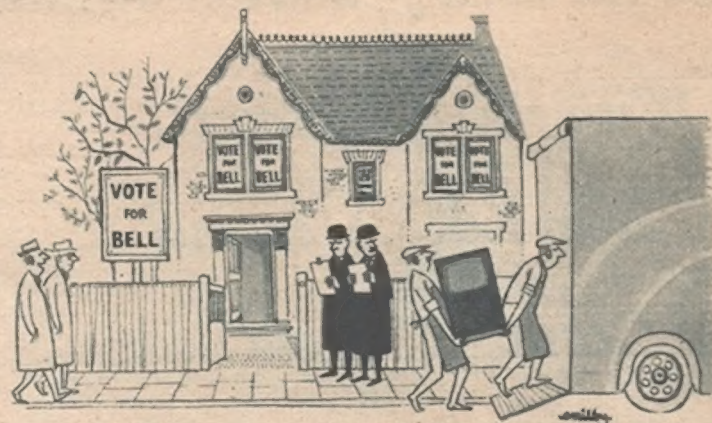
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A month after the start of the war in Korea the graph lines rose vertically. Soon after that, the line marked "export" reached, then passed, that marked "imports"; which is an evident sign of good health.

In his joyous contemplation of these Olympian statistics, the Japanese forgets to look at those which connect him with the China of Mao Tse-tung. They decline and limp along towards the horizontal. Now, whether anyone likes it or not, Japan's only real and potential mass market is China.

No intellectual hypothesis and no economic artifice can alter a comma of this truth, that Japan is an Asiatic country, that she can live only as a function of the yellow continent. Her present boom is abnormal. If you fly over Japan from north to south, you have the impression that it is an arm attached to the yellow continent. It even looks like an arm outstretched, an arm at work.

It is outstretched to receive Chinese rice and Manchurian coal, which are becoming more and more difficult to obtain. Japan works so as to inundate Asia with finished goods.

In the ports of the Pacific and of the Indian Ocean, even a short-sighted man would notice the incredible heap of yellow cases which bear this black-lettered inscription: "Made in Japan."

At Bangkok, on the banks of the Menam, of every score of cases discharged by a crane, eleven are from Japan, three from the United States, two from Great Britain, two from Switzerland, and so on. This peaceful invasion by clumsy but solid machines, by utensils for diverse purposes, is pursued by Japan with ever-increasing intensity.

Worst Paid Workers

The Lancashire weavers still wonder how the Japanese have solved the problem of buying astronomical quantities of cotton at no matter what price, and of selling the finished products cheaper than they can.

The explanation is simple. The Japanese labour-force is principally composed of women who are the most industrious workers in the world, but also the worst paid. Their monthly salary varies between £9 and £13.

Japan can bow the knee to fate at short notice. But for her, the hour or her own truth lasts for ever. She is not self-conscious and, lack of imagination aiding, she has gone back to her prewar projects. She is again haunted by the importance of dumping.

For the Japanese machine to function, it needs qualified men. The government has fished them out of the prisons where the post-armistice trials sentenced them as war criminals. After Hiroshima, all the principal military leaders, steel magnates, politicians and financiers had a taste of prison life. Many of them still have several years of jail or labour camp to undergo, but American indulgence, as well as the pressing needs of Japan, has brought them out of this isolation and

transformed them into "free prisoners" on parole.

This aspect of U.S.A. justice greatly surprises the Japanese. However, they submit to it in a disciplined way. They have agreed to take on the supervision of their own black sheep. No one knows the number of the "purged" who today are still behind bars. Not more than a few hundreds. Further, no one knows the number whose "national infamy" has been white-washed.

Big Trusts Return

Why has T. Ichibachi, after six years of ostracism, become the head of a government commission whose object is to reduce "liberal excesses" dating from the occupation? The commission considers the forty-eight hour week, the right to unionize, and the presence of inspectors in banks to be such excesses.

Why does Sadao Iguchi, who led America by the nose right up to Pearl Harbour, once more occupy a vital position in the steel industry, a prelude to his exchanging his satchel now full of order-forms for a morocco briefcase stuffed with diplomatic documents?

And J. Matsumoto, who managed the Manchurian railways: why has he got back his position as expert in railway traffic problems? His knowledge and his experience are essential to the Japanese.

British financial papers take alarm when they note the reappearance upon the current scene of potentates like K. Kawakami, who plays his part in one of the four great trusts of the country.

These four trusts alone control the majority of Japanese industries and banks. The Mitsui, the Mitsubishi, the Sumitomo and the Yasuda, before the war, held Japan in the hollow of their hands. No government could endure without their consent. They were stronger than the state.

Their responsibility for the outbreak of hostilities is grave, because the generals, even those whom *hara-kiri* or the firing squad removed from the army lists, were only puppets whose words and gestures they controlled.

General MacArthur understood that very well and ordered the decartellization of their monstrous monopoly. Today, evading the barriers set up by edicts and laws, they are slowly rebuilding the past.

This revival ensures the success of Nipponese industry, but mortgages the democratization of Japan. Sixty-five per cent of the population depends, to some extent, upon these four families; or, more correctly, upon their old-established structures with their totalitarian tendency.

The reappearance of men considered as war criminals, if not instigators of war, may change Japan's orientation.

Events may bring her closer to a democracy desired by the entire world, or turn her "Fascist" once more to the terror of the Far East. THE END

This article is extracted from "Colour of Asia," by Fernand Gigon, which will be published by Frederick Muller, Ltd. on June 13 at 15s.

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Blackpool? Scarborough? Torquay? Bournemouth? Isle of Man? Choose any British seaside resort—fares and family accommodation (two, three or four persons) will be provided for a glorious £75 Holiday Week when you wish. (Extra cheque offered if preferred.)

OTHER AWARDS: £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 3 of £5, 10 of £2 10s., 50 "Bullets" Seasons, 500 NEW "TEN-SHOT" 500 EXTRAS PRIZES WITH 1,000 "Good Shots"—£2 FOOD EXTRAS, see below

THIS WAY TO THE PRIZE-LIST

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Heart Of The Nation
The Political Barometer
Helps Everybody
Soldier Of Tomorrow
Danger On The Road
Nature, The Artist
Sea, Sands, Sunshine
Bad Workmanship
If She Knew How
Bribery

For The Family
Strongarm Tactics
The Stumbling-block
Browned Off
With A Microscope
Just Gossip
They're Honeymooning, So
Dad's Bonfire
In A Whirl
Like A Hungry Hawk

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

Can't Find The..... Pennyworth Of.....
Must Think We're..... With His Little.....
Those Gorgeous..... Use Your..... And

EXAMPLE	6d.
BULLET	
EX	6d.
B	
EX	6d.
B	
EX	6d.
B	
EX	6d.
B	

FOOD EXTRAS

1,991

Closing Postmark
MON., JUNE 13

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O.

Signed.....
Address.....

Value.....

No.....

£1,000 "OWN-YOUR-HOME" BULLETIN—FREE!

Fill up and post this label by Monday, June 13—postman brings you thrilling news on Sat., June 25

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

804



NEXT WEEK GRAND "TREASURE TOUR" OFFER!

Chief Winners No. 1,986

FIRST PRIZE, £250 plus £1 Weekly Pension (as offered), or £750 Lump Sum: A. C. Knight, "Knijen," Badgeworth Lane, Shurdington, Glos.

A Terrible Thing
Workers' "Needle" Stabbing Britannia.

£50: C. Meredith, 107 Peveril Road, Peterborough: SUNNIER DAYS—MY Boyhood—SONNY'S Manhood? £25: E. R. Wilson, 16 Applesham Avenue, Hove: SUNNIER DAYS—MOSCOW PREDICTING? KEEP "UMBRELLA"!

OTHER AWARDS: £15: J. Kirwan, 14 Princess Street, Wolverhampton: THE WAY TO LOSE—FREEDOM—"KICK IT ABOUT"! £10: L. Thorpe, 206 Manchester Road, Denton, Manchester: A BRILLIANT FLASH—FOUR "BENT HEADS" Avoiding? £5: E. W. Hugh, 43 Torrington Road, Sunderland: IN HIS KIT-BAG—JERRY'S "WALKING OUT" SUIT? £5: T. J. Martin, 62 Aston Lane, Perry Barr, Birmingham: THE WAY TO REACH—"PLUSH"—PUSH! £5: O. Newbold, Osmeley Estate, New Milton, Hants: THE WAY TO INFLATION—"BLOW WORK"! £5: D. L. Powell, 14 Daviot Street, Roath Park, Cardiff: WITH A TIN-OPENER—WE TIGHTENED DAD'S TOURNIQUET! £5: J. A. Stephen, 45 Nuns Lane, St. Albans: GIVEN PLENTY OF TIME—TO CROSS ZERRA, Policeman!

For ten winners of £2 10s., see "Bullets" Bulletin, 25 Prizes of £1 and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* for entry-fee not exceeding 2s. If coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in "Bullets" Bulletin dated July 2 and in JOHN BULL dated July 9), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, June 25, for early news of No. 1,991 result.)

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,991, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

If you're living on your nerves

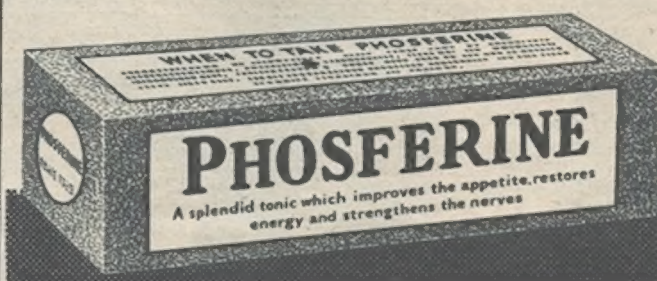
then read this letter

"During the last few years in my trade I have experienced a lot of worry, sleeplessness, etc., which steadily grew worse until I was advised to try PHOSFERINE. I am now using my second bottle of tablets and certainly feel a new person, in fact I would go back through the last years again with the aid of PHOSFERINE..."
(Signed) J. C., Sutton Coldfield



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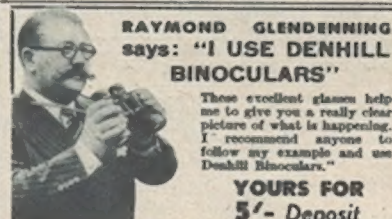
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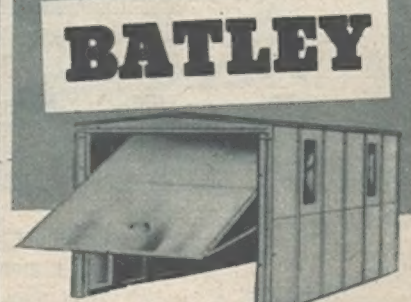


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10 x 35 .. £18/10/6 or 20/-
15 x 40 .. £19/10/6 or 20/-
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IT HITS MOST OF US at times. We wake up in the morning feeling tired, sour, and headachy. That's Exhaustipation—the tiredness caused by constipation!

The trouble lies in your colon—the last 4 or 5 feet of your 28 feet of intestine. This is like a soft rubber pipe, and it has to carry all the waste from the food you eat.

When this waste slides through smoothly, you feel fine. But sometimes it doesn't. It gets blocked. And then you feel heavy, sour, depressed—till you clear that pipeline.

Nothing better has been found for this job in 4,000 years, than a vegetable extract called podophyllin. Not a habit-forming drug, but a natural herb that works in Nature's way. This precious extract, carefully blended into Carters Little Liver Pills, gets that pipeline working smoothly and sweetly again—and you feel marvellous!

Carters Little Liver Pills cost 1/8d. Take Carters today—and tomorrow the world will be all smiles.

"Rice pudding the way you like it...

-RICH AND CREAMY,

MADE WITH IDEAL MILK!"



NESTLÉ'S. In a changing world this name has always been a guarantee of purity, unvarying quality and honest value. This is something that three generations of British housewives have found out for themselves. And it's a belief fully shared by the grocers, confectioners and chemists they buy from. Look at the famous products illustrated below.

Each one is the acknowledged best of its kind on sale today. But Nestlé's have never been content to rest on their reputation. They keep on searching for new ways to improve the quality of their foods. And they never relax their traditional high standards. Without a doubt it is this special attitude towards food products that makes the words "*Made by Nestlé's*" such a sure guide to quality.

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it's good...very good!



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